

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Verses written in the Portico of the Temple of Liberty at Woburn Abbey, on placing before it the Statues of Locke and Erskine, in the Summer of 1835.* 4to. pp. 39.

To persons in our situation of life, pursuing the paths of Literature with constant and weary steps, often, indeed, resembling the punishment of the tread-mill, where we toil without advancing, it is an object of mixed delight and envy to see the same ways made the favourite walks of those who can trace them among flowers, with leisure pace, and enjoying all the elegances and refinements they so abundantly produce. It is *Woburn Abbey* against the *Literary Gazette Office*; and even *Moyes*, who prints our weekly sheet, amid clatter, effort, and confusion, can make a holiday as he composes such "Portico" poems; and mechanics themselves exclaim, as the machinery works, *labor ipse volupas*!

We have been honoured with one of the fifty copies to which the Duke of Bedford has limited the impression of this (Mr. Wiffen's) graceful production; and we have, consequently, the more gratification in laying a few extracts, from what can be so little known, before our readers. It opens with a glance at the empires of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, Imperial, then Papal, when

"In her cloisters, NIGHT  
Reigned—Lady of the West!"

Turning to Britain, the bard sings, in patriotic strains, as follows:—

"O, warned by some prophetic power,  
'Twas then, divorced from bigot dread,  
To Britain, in auspicious hour,  
Truth—Science—Virtue—Freedom fled:  
And ages toiled, and patriots bled,  
Their sacred bowels unstained to keep,  
When the frenetic Spaniard hung  
Upon their steps, and howling flung  
His navies o'er the deep.  
On meek Religion's stable base  
Their temperate rule they sought to build,—  
Not reckless of Athenian grace,  
Nor yet in Roman strength unskilled;  
And though their scope not all fulfilled  
The structure of the social shrine,  
What British eye unmoved could view  
What Cranmer wrought, or Burleigh drew,  
To achieve the great design!  
Hence, when again despotic pride  
Revived upon the regal stage,  
And, bidding Conscience be defied,  
Threw down Prescriptions angry gage,  
Ah! me! with how sublime a rage  
Her champions to the challenge thronged,—  
The learn'd—the brave—the great—the good—  
And by the baptism of their blood,  
Th' impressive strife prolonged!"

This naturally introduces the family of Russell, and the immediate subject of the poem, the erection of the Portico and its sculptured ornaments. The tribute to Locke is worthy of the philosopher, and of his preserver in immortal marble, R. Westmacott:—

"In simplest Art's decorous stole,  
See Locke—Truth's favourite pupil stand,—  
Simple in faith, sincere of soul,  
The Style and tablets in his hand,  
Which, at thine own inspired command,  
Philosophy consigned, to gauge  
The darkness of the Stagyrite,  
And, losing Reason, put to flight  
The phantoms of the age!"

How pure the' expression! how benign  
The beauty of that studious face!  
Composure lives in every line,  
Persuasive truth in every trace;  
Urged with a smile whose charm might grace  
An angel's cheek,—as though 'twere given,  
When Strife from Tolerance took its birth,  
To blend with the disputes of earth,  
The charities of Heaven!  
When 'gainst thy realms the Stuart fought,  
What mightier aid could champion bring,  
Than he who scaled the towers of Thought,  
And gave Opinion boundless wing,  
Unclipped by statesman, priest, or king,—  
Obsequious but to the rebuke  
Of Conscience on her judgment throne,  
Or edict to the mind made known  
From Inspiration's book!"

The picture of Erskine is also finely wrought:

"As oft in Feeling's full recoil,  
So stands the' intrepid Erskine now,  
Gathering his soul up for the toil  
That knits his fixed and thoughtful brow,—  
Ere yet the pregnant lips avow  
The' impassive arguments that swell  
In the vast ocean of his mind,  
Where Reason sits to loose, or bind  
The Passions in their cell.  
Or were it Mirth, or tragic Woe,  
He summoned to the proud debate,  
Or Honour for the patriot's three  
That throbb'd to save a sinking state,  
Scorn, Wrath, or Sympathy, or Hate,  
His magic voice could none resist:  
To chill—to rouse—to melt—to burn—  
Each strong Emotion came in turn,  
In turn to be dismissed.  
Whilst as the glowing woof he wrought,  
Her flushing lights rich Fancy shed;  
And all the gathering tribes of Thought  
Their ranks in rapid order spread,—  
Warriors, in whose heroic tread  
Were heard harmonious sounds—the cheer  
Of Faith—Hope's charging trumpet-tones,  
And baffled Power's bewildered groans,  
And Triumph in the rear!"

By these statues the poet enters the temple, and thus breathes his aspirations:—

"Still may Philosophy and Law  
Thy balanced fabric well sustain,—  
Still with keen eye and reverent awe  
Keep watch before thy hallowed fane,  
Lest aught unholy or profane  
With Vandal foot the threshold win,  
To quench or dim thy vestal flame,  
Or from their pedestals of fame  
Smite down thy guests within!"

These are busts of Charles Fox, Lord Grey, Lord Holland, Lord John Russell, &c.; on the latter of whom, most fervent benedictions are bestowed, and the most enthusiastic hopes lavished. The whole concludes with a prayer for universal peace, and that War may never again be allowed to cry havoc, and desolate the earth. Being almost a private work, we refrain from saying more than that the composition is classical and replete with noble sentiments—those not the least so in which Mr. Wiffen evinces his gratitude to the illustrious race among whom he has found warm friends and constant patrons.

*Observations on the Duties on Paper.* Pp. 38. Longman and Co.

THAT we should have such a pamphlet as this to notice at the present day, is not a little remarkable; for, with all our boasted improvements in the art of legislation, it is indeed marvellous that the evils and the absurdities it

exposes could, by possibility, have been suffered to exist so long. We will not enter into panegyric upon the great importance and the universal usefulness of paper in all its various forms, from the statesman's protocol or the lover's billet, to the rough parcel-wrapper or that of thinner fabric, destined

— to lie  
Beneath the bottom of a pile;  
Or cowed out page by page, to wrap  
Up snuff or sweeties in a shap.

Suffice it for our argument to affirm that this great manufacture involves no peculiar offence which should condemn it to fiscal oppression and merciless taxation. Yet so it is treated—the duties upon paper are exorbitant. The producers of other articles of trade and commerce, in comparison with the paper-maker, are protected and favoured. The distiller of pernicious drinks, for instance, and the retailers of their commodities, are called upon to pay for no more than is consumed at a profit to them: not so the dealers in paper; they are heavily taxed on all that is produced, no matter whether its ultimate disposal is accompanied by gain or loss, or whether it is ever sold at all. It may be converted into books which end in lining trunks, as an immense number do; but still the same heavy excise is levied, and all the interests connected with these high experiments of mind are burdened and sacrificed.

Then, as in all cases of ridiculous and unjust taxation, there grows up the system of frauds upon the revenue, on which the dishonest trader thrives and grows rich, while those who comply with the law are left to a fruitless competition, loss, and ruin. "At present (says the writer) the duty on writing paper amounts to above 25 per cent *ad valorem*; on the paper used in printing of ordinary books, it is between 50 and 60 per cent; and on brown, wrapping, and sheathing paper, it amounts to from 70 to 200 per cent! The exorbitancy of such duties must strike every one. A merchant has a demand for a certain quantity of paper for his correspondence, books, &c., and might get it, were there no duty, for 100%: what, then, is to be thought of the policy of imposing on it a duty of 25%? But little as is the encouragement given to commerce by such a duty, it is still greater than that given to literature. An individual who has employed much time and laborious research in the composition of an important work, is desirous to have it printed. If it be no part of the duty of government to encourage such undertakings, it is, at all events, abundantly clear, that there is nothing in them that requires that they should be discouraged. This, however, is the principle, if we so call it, that has been for more than 120 years acted upon in this country. Paper is as necessary to the production of a book as food is to the support of the human body; and that paper government loads with an *ad valorem* duty of from 50 to 60 per cent; making an author, or his publisher, pay more than 300% for paper, which, but for their interference, they might get for 200%! Such is the encouragement given to the

best authors, such the way in which the *soi-disant* liberal legislature of England treated Robertson, Gibbon, and Scott. Inferior or less successful authors experience, as will be afterwards seen, still harsher treatment."

This is explained by the unequal sales of their works. Sometimes only a few copies are sold, and very frequently not enough to cover the cost: but the tax must be paid on all, and the prudent publisher has nothing for it but to calculate his averages on the general scale of his experience,\* and lay the load as impartially as he can upon the authors, whether successful or unfortunate. This alone amounts to the prohibition of thousands of literary productions, and many of them of very considerable worth and merit.

We shall not go at length into the wonderfully absurd portion of the law which insists that all second class paper shall be "made of old ropes or cordage only, without separating or extracting the pitch and tar:" it seems to be about as wise as would be an act of parliament to exclude coals from being employed in making fires, and declaring that fires should be made of filtering-stones only, without separating or extracting the mud and water!!

That these statutes should be repealed, is manifest to the meanest understanding; and that any new scheme, if it did not do away with the duties altogether, ought to modify and reduce them, is demonstrated beyond a question by the author. On another point connected with the subject we also cordially agree with him. He states:

"It has been said by some, that government should take off the stamp duty on newspapers rather than half the paper duty; and that the increased amount of the duty on paper resulting from the greater sale of newspapers would make up for the loss of revenue derived from the stamps. But, is the gross injustice which the paper duties inflict on the whole body of authors and publishers, and their pernicious influence over literature and science, to be continued, that a favour may be done to a particular class, that is not complaining, and is satisfied with the present arrangement of the duties? The stamp duty is a fair and equal tax, and entails no injustice on any one. A newspaper proprietor gets no stamps that he is not able to dispose of, and, consequently, pays no duty that is not subsequently repaid to him by the public. But such is very far indeed from being the case with the duty on paper used by authors and publishers. An individual believes he will be able to sell 1000 copies of a certain work, and he pays duty on the paper required to print that number; but, instead of selling 1000, he

\* "We are well assured (says the writer), by gentlemen of the greatest knowledge and experience as publishers, that on all moderately successful books, that is, on all books of which from 500 to 1000 copies are sold, the charge, on account of the paper duty, must be at least more than doubled, perhaps trebled, it being otherwise impossible for them to prosecute their business! In point of fact, therefore, the duty upon such works as are sold at fair prices to the public, does not add from 50 to 60, but from 100 to 180 per cent to the cost of the paper! In their evidence before the Commissioners of Excise Inquiry, the paper manufacturers estimated that the duty makes an addition of from 1s. to 2s. 6d., or 1s. 10d. at a medium, to the price of a moderate-sized octavo volume, according to the number sold; and we believe that this statement is not beyond, but within the mark. This enhancing of the cost of books has very pernicious consequences, besides increasing their cost to the public. The booksellers are placed between Scylla and Charybdis: and it is hardly possible for them to avoid the one without getting foul of the other. The addition they make to the price of books, to cover the duty, checks their sale, while, if they did not make such addition, they would be ruined. But it is all but impossible to hit the exact medium—to impose such an additional sum as will repay the duty neither more nor less. This is not done once in fifty instances; and, for obvious reasons, the most common error is to fix the price too high."

sells only 250 copies, so that he must either pay the whole amount of duty on the other 750 copies out of his own pocket, or go to gaol. Government, like individuals, is bound to be just before it affects to be generous. After it has put an end to this flagrant injustice, by entirely repealing the paper duties, it may then, if it be so disposed, consider what boon it can confer on the newspaper proprietors."

But this involves much more momentous moral and political considerations than belong to a mere question of revenue; and sensibly it is said:—

"No injurious consequences of any kind could result from the modification or total abolition of the duty on paper; but it is by no means certain that such will not result from the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers. We know what the press is at present, but we do not know what it may be when the price of a daily paper is reduced to 3d. or 4d.; and when, consequently, the labouring classes will be the great buyers of newspapers, and those to whom they will be principally addressed. Much, no doubt, may be confided to the good sense, shrewdness, and capacity of the people of England, to appreciate the advantages they enjoy, and to detect the selfish sophistry of those who, to promote their own purposes, may seek to engage them in dangerous or revolutionary projects. But no dispassionate individual can deny, that by repealing the stamp duty, a considerable risk will be incurred; and that, whether for the worse or for the better, the tone and character of the newspaper press will be materially changed. Opinions and theories that have hitherto had but few declared advocates, will then be openly and boldly supported. The filth that now circulates in obscure and muddy channels, will flow in large and copious streams all over the land. It is said, indeed, that it will be purified and refined by an infusion of sound constitutional doctrine; and this, it is to be hoped, will turn out to be the fact. Still, however, this is at best but a hypothetical statement. Doctrines injurious to the middle and upper classes, and inimical to the real and lasting interests of the public, cannot at present obtain much circulation; but the sphere over which they will shed their malignant influence will be immeasurably increased by the repeal of the stamp duty; and it is by no means clear that other and more correct opinions will insinuate themselves into the same channels, or that they will neutralise or destroy the poison of the others."

As the pamphlet is within the reach of all readers, and the matter is immediately to be brought under the consideration of parliament, we shall content ourselves with this brief notice, and leave the result, which we think inevitable, to the good sense of our legislators and government.

*A Description of the Part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy, &c. &c. By Mrs. Bray, author of "Travels in Normandy," "Fitz of Fitzford," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Murray.*

THIS is, indeed, a book of variety, and justly does its accomplished author state, in her Preface:—

"In the following work, difficult as it may be to please all tastes, the writer has endeavoured to furnish something that may suit each class of readers. For the historian and the antiquary, she has laboured with no small diligence; so that they may not have to complain that her work is wanting in substantial matter. For the tourist, she has given descriptive

sketches from observations made on the spot. For those who are fond of biography, she has selected subjects which she hopes may be found of interest; whilst the sketches of living characters are drawn from her own acquaintance with them. For the lovers of poetry and romance, she has given abundance of tales, stories, superstitions, old customs, and traditions, peculiar to this delightful county. All these matters she has endeavoured to introduce in a manner to give variety, and to relieve the more serious portions of the book; so that if, now and then, the mere general reader should meet with a subject for which he has no relish, he has but to pass on a few pages, and he will then find that the volumes are not exclusively confined to subjects which, with the curious, or the historian, will probably be deemed of most import."

To what class or description of reader, then, can such a publication be unacceptable? We confess we are at a loss to point out any age or condition which may not reap entertainment and information from these pages; nor do we think the worse of her that they exhibit a number of little personal and private feelings, which a more fastidious writer would have avoided, but which are not unamiable nor incongenial adjuncts to the female character. At any rate, we are not Critics (though we rather think the exchange of compliments towards the Laureate, to whom the correspondence is addressed, too much in the *be-Rascussing* style of former and exploded days)—we are not Critics enough, we repeat, to find fault with the pleasing whisperings of domestic enjoyments, and the family interchange of what taste and similar pursuits produce in literary cultivation;—on the contrary, we would heartily wish to be on Dartmoor, taking our glass *ad libitum*, in that agreeable society, where—

"I have heard my husband say, that the wine kept in the cellars of his father's cottage on Dartmoor (for the late Mr. Bray built one there, and made large plantations near the magnificent river-scenery of the Cowsic) acquired a flavour that was truly surprising; and which, in a great degree, was considered to arise from the bottles being constantly in a damp state. This perpetual moisture upon them was wont to be called 'Dartmoor dew;' and all who tasted the wine declared it to be finest flavoured of any they had ever drunk in England."

The first volume is almost entirely occupied with accounts of Dartmoor; and treating of its most ancient antiquities, Mrs. Bray says:—

"I may also add, that in pointing out to this neighbourhood in particular the connexion that really exists between the remains of British antiquity (so widely scattered on the moor) and the early history and manners of the first inhabitants of their country, it is to be hoped that a sufficient interest may be excited in favour of those vestiges, to check the unfeeling spoliation which has of late been so rapidly carried on. When we find on Dartmoor masses of granite, buried under the earth and resting upon its surface,—here lying close to the road, and there impeding the culture of its soil—surely it would be better to serve the purposes of commerce from sources like these, than to despoil (as they are now doing) the summits of its eminences,—of those very tors that give beauty and majesty to the desolation of the moor. The cairns,—the obelisks,—the circles, and the poor remains of British huts, might be permitted to last out their day, and to suffer from no other assaults than those which are inevitable—time and tempest; and these are

enemies that will not pass over them in vain. Dartmoor has, indeed, been a field to the spoiler; and many of its most interesting memorials have been destroyed within the last twenty or thirty years; for, during those periods, vast walls of stones, piled loosely together without cement, and extending, in every direction, for many miles, have been placed up as boundaries or inclosures for cattle. This great demand for stones caused the workmen to remove those which lay, as it were, ready to their hand; you may judge, therefore, what havoc it made with the circles, cairns, and cromlechs. Others—such as were straight and tall—have been carried off (so the people of the moor tell me) to make rubbing-posts for cattle, a rubbing-post being sometimes called 'cows' comfort' in Devon."

Of Wistman's Wood (quære, Wiseman's Wood?) a remarkable feature of the moor, we have the following:—

"The farmer, Hannaford, is our guide; and, after having passed up and down hill, and over one of the boundary-walls, or inclosures, some of the stones of which he removes (and builds up again) to afford us an easier way of clambering over it, we have managed, by jumping from rock to rock, in part to ford the river Dart, the waters not being so high as to prevent our doing so; till, at length, we come to one place so puzzling, so difficult, that our Herculean guide can see no other way of getting me over but that of taking me up, and putting me across with as much ease and good will as Gulliver would have displayed in assisting the Queen of Lilliput in crossing a puddle. At last we are landed on the opposite bank, and there lies Wistman's Wood, rocks and all, before us;—an inviting object to curiosity and speculation with those who love to indulge in visions of 'the olden time.' The summit of the eminence cannot be seen on account of its steep ascent; and huge piles, mass on mass of granite blocks seem to rise and grow before us as we pace upwards towards the wood. Every step requires wary walking, since to stumble amidst such rocks, holes, and hollows, might be attended with an accident that would prevent all further investigation; and the farmer says, 'Tis a wistful old place, sure enough, and full of adders as can be.' This last communication somewhat cools my enthusiasm about Druid groves; but the farmer offers and supplies a speedy remedy—one, too, of most mystical origin, and not a little heathenish, being derived from the very Druids upon whose haunts we are about to intrude; for he transfers to my hand the ashen bough or sprig that he was carrying in his own, and initiates me, on the spot, into the pagan rites of charming adders, to render them harmless as the poorest worm that crawls upon the earth. He tells me that the moment I see an adder I have nothing to do but to draw a circle with an ash rod round it, and that the creature will never go out of it; nay, if a fire were kindled in the ring it would rather go into the fire itself than pass the circle. He believed, also, that an animal bitten by this venomous reptile may be cured by having a kind of collar woven of ash-twigs suspended round his neck. He likewise mentions having, a year or two ago, killed a very large adder that had been tamed by the above charm, when he took fifteen young ones from its belly. To return to our expedition: these superstitions (as we pause a moment to take breath before we continue the rough ascent) become the subject of our conversation; and we cannot help remarking how appropriate

they are to the place of Druid antiquity, since the one may be traced to the serpent's egg, and the other, very probably, to the *virga divinatoria*, or diviner's rod. Indeed, all magicians and sorcerers are described, from the earliest ages, as being armed with a wand or rod: we read of this, too, in the Bible, where the rods of the magicians were turned into serpents, and the rod of Moses, so transformed, swallowed them up. That the Druids possessed magical arts cannot be doubted, since Pliny calls that priesthood 'the magi of the Gauls and Britons;' and of this island, he says, 'magic is now so much practised in Britain, and with so many similar rites, that we cannot but come to the conclusion, that they immediately derived it from the magi of the Persians.' The bard Taliesin thus speaks of the magic wand of the Druids: 'Were I to compose the strain, were I to sing, magic spells would spring, like those produced by the circle and wand of Twrch Trwyth.' I think I have somewhere read, that the sophists of India, also, pretended to possess the power of charming venomous reptiles; and there can be little doubt the art was long practised in Britain, since it has been supposed that the caduceus seen in the hand of Mercury had its origin in the British isles, where the Druids exercised the arts of charming serpents. And Toland, who, in his very learned work, has brought to light so much curious information respecting Druidism, informs us that, in the Lowlands of Scotland, many glass amulets were found which the people of that country called *adder stanes*. The Druids, we know, carried magic amulets about their persons; and it may also be remarked, that the adder itself was held as a symbol of the Helio-arkite god, and, therefore, of his priest, who took his station on the sacred mount, or in the no less sacred Diluvian lake. Now, all these things considered, induce me to believe that, as Dartmoor must from the earliest times have been most prolific in vipers, the mode of charming them with an ashen wand, still retained by the peasantry of the moor, is nothing less than a vestige of the customs of Druid antiquity."

From among the fairy legends of this locality, we select a characteristic specimen:—

"Two serving damsels of this place declared, as an excuse, perhaps, for spending more money than they ought upon finery, that the pixies were very kind to them, and would often drop silver for their pleasure into a bucket of fair water, which they placed for the accommodation of those little beings every night, in the chimney corner, before they went to bed. Once, however, it was forgotten; and the pixies, finding themselves disappointed by an empty bucket, whisked up stairs to the maids' bed-room, popped through the key-hole, and began in a very audible tone to exclaim against the laziness and neglect of the damsels. One of them who lay awake, and heard all this, jogged her fellow-servant, and proposed getting up immediately to repair the fault of omission: but the lazy girl, who liked not being disturbed out of a comfortable nap, pettishly declared, 'that, for her part, she would not stir out of bed to please all the pixies in Devonshire.' The good-humoured damsel, however, got up, filled the bucket, and was rewarded by a handful of silver pennies found in it the next morning. But, ere that time had arrived, what was her alarm, as she crept towards the bed, to hear all the elves in high and stern debate, consulting as to what punishment should be inflicted on the lazy lass who would not stir for their pleasure. Some proposed 'pinches, nips, and bobs,'

others to spoil her new cherry-coloured bonnet and ribands. One talked of sending her the toothach, another of giving her a red nose; but this last was voted a too severe and vindictive punishment for a pretty young woman. So, tempering mercy with justice, the pixies were kind enough to let her off with a lame leg, which was so to continue only for seven years, and was alone to be cured by a certain herb, growing on Dartmoor, whose long, and learned, and very difficult name, the elfin judge pronounced in a high and audible voice. It was a name of seven syllables, seven being also the number of years decreed for the chastisement. The good-natured maid, wishing to save her fellow-damsel so long a suffering, tried with might and main to bear in mind the name of this potent herb. She said it over and over again, tied a knot in her garter at every syllable, as a help to memory then very popular, and thought she had the word as sure as her own name; and very possibly felt much more anxious about retaining the one than the other. At length she dropped asleep, and did not wake till the morning. Now, whether her head might be like a sieve, that lets out as fast as it takes in, or if the over-exertion to remember might cause her to forget, cannot be determined; but certain it is, when she opened her eyes, she knew nothing at all about the matter, excepting that Molly was to go lame on her right leg for seven years, unless a herb with a strange name could be got to cure her. And lame she went for nearly the whole of that period. At length (it was about the end of the time), a merry, squint-eyed, queer-looking boy started up one fine summer day, just as she went to pluck a mushroom, and came tumbling, head over heels, towards her. He insisted on striking her leg with a plant which he held in his hand. From that moment she got well; and lame Molly, as a reward for her patience in suffering, became the best dancer in the whole town at the celebrated festivities of May-day on the green."

An example of congenial superstitions may be added:—

"The cuckoo's note was hailed by the British priesthood as the harbinger of the sacrifices of May Eve. With the Devonians the cuckoo is still an ominous bird; since, to hear him for the first time on the left hand—as I did this year—is considered a marvellous sign of ill-luck. Some unlettered muse of our county has thus, truly enough, expressed his peculiarities in rhyme:—

'In the month of April,  
He opens his bill;  
In the month of May,  
He singeth all day;  
In the month of June,  
He alters his tune;  
In the month of July,  
Away he doth fly.'

In good keeping, as artists say, is the annexed version of a custom apparently derived from the earliest Pagan rites:—

"One evening, about the end of harvest, I was riding out on my pony, attended by a servant who was born and bred a Devonian. We were passing near a field on the borders of Dartmoor, where the reapers were assembled. In a moment the pony started nearly from one side of the way to the other, so sudden came a shout from the field, which gave him this alarm. On my stopping to ask my servant what all that noise was about, he seemed surprised by the question, and said, 'It was only the people making their games, as they always did, to the spirit of the harvest.' Such a reply was quite sufficient to induce me to stop immediately; as



I felt certain here was to be observed some curious vestige of a most ancient superstition; and I soon gained all the information I could wish to obtain upon the subject. The offering to the spirit of the harvest is thus made. When the reaping is finished, toward evening the labourers select some of the best ears of corn from the sheaves; these they tie together, and it is called the *nack*. Sometimes, as it was when I witnessed the custom, this *nack* is decorated with flowers, twisted in with the reed, which gives it a gay and fantastic appearance. The reapers then proceed to a high place (such, in fact, was the field on the side of a steep hill where I saw them), and there they go, to use their own words, to 'holla the *nack*.' The man who bears this offering stands in the midst, elevates it, whilst all the other labourers form themselves into a circle about him; each holds aloft his hook, and in a moment they all shout, as loud as they possibly can, these words, which I spell as I heard them pronounced, and I presume they are not to be found in any written record. 'Arnack, arnack, arnack, wehahen, wehahen, wehahen.\*'—This is repeated three several times; and the firkin is handed round between each shout, by way, I conclude, of libation. When the weather is fine, different parties of reapers, each stationed on some height, may be heard for miles round, shouting, as it were, in answer to each other. The evening I witnessed this ceremony, many women and children, some carrying boughs, and others having flowers in their caps, or in their hands, or in their bonnets, were seen, some dancing, others singing, whilst the men (whose exclamations so startled my pony) practised the above rites in a ring. When we recollect that, in order to do so, the reapers invariably assemble on some high place, that they form themselves into a circle, whilst one of their party holds the offering of the finest ears of corn in the middle of the ring, can we for a moment doubt this custom is a vestige of Druidism? The man so elevating the offering is, in all probability, no other than the successor of the priest, whose duty it was to offer up the first and best fruits of the harvest to the goddess who fostered its increase, as his brother priests formed about him that circle which was held sacred in the forms and offices of religion; and I cannot but conclude that we have not throughout the whole kingdom a more curious rite, derived from Pagan antiquity, than the one just mentioned that I witnessed on the borders of Dartmoor."

We end with a piece of living ingenuity relative to the badger and fox:—

"A keen sportsman of this neighbourhood has made an ingenious use of the instincts of these two animals in order to stock his preserves with foxes. He tethers a badger to a suitable spot in his plantations, where he soon digs a convenient domicile; the badger is then removed, and a young fox put in full possession of the kennel."

(To be continued.)

\* \* \* A *knack*, says Fosbroke, 'is a curious kind of figure, hung up and kept till the next year.' Thus we have in Shakespeare—'A *knack*, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.' I venture, also, to consider that 'Wehahen' is a corruption of *see one*, a little one, or child. See *Johns Dic.*, *wee*. For this note, and the following, I am indebted to Mr. Bray. He suggests that *Pixy* may be derived either from *pix* or *par*, possibly both, as these words have been confounded by no less a lexicographer than Johnson. *Pix* signifies 'a little chest or box, in which the consecrated host is kept in Roman Catholic countries'; and *Pax* 'a sort of little image, a piece of bread, having the image of Christ upon the cross on it; which the people, before the Reformation, used to kiss after the service was ended, that ceremony being considered as a kiss of peace.' Kiss the *pax*, and be quiet with your neighbours.' Chapman's *Comedy of May Day* (1611)."

*The Devoted.* By the Author of "The Disinherited," "Flirtation," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Bentley.

IT was of Lady Charlotte Bury that Madame de Staël said, "I would give my genius for her beauty." We are rarely content with our own portion, yet we doubt whether the beauty would have volunteered a similar exchange. Still the lovely Scotchwoman has always shewn an inclination for a share in the dominion of literature. That taste was not general as it is now, and Lady Charlotte has had the merit of setting an example to her class. Such taste should surely be encouraged. It is by our own efforts that we most truly measure those of others, and the exercise of the imagination has at once a humanising and an elevating influence. Lady Charlotte Bury has been often before the public, and the present work, like its predecessors, is marked by pure morality and graceful sentiment. It is the history of a beautiful and high-born heiress, who sacrifices all the heart's keenest feelings to ambition, only to find their inefficiency. Her character is well drawn, as is that of her father, a vain, cold, narrow-minded man, who may be truly said "to go through the ceremony of existence." The under part of the plot is *de trop* and unnatural, while the scenes in low life want vitality. We shall prefer taking "two evenings" from the heroine's career. The first:

"Ball now succeeded to ball, breakfast to breakfast; but the *fête* which was to supersede all others in magnificence was that for which the invitations were already gone forth to be given by Lord —. Rumours were afloat that it was in honour of Lady Elizabeth; for the marked attention of the host of — House at the shrine of her beauty had not escaped the vigilant watchings of London society. When the well-taught servant announced, in a slow distinct whisper at the ear of Lord —, Lord Altamont and Lady Elizabeth Delamere's name, he turned quickly round from looking at a group of dancers, and holding out both his hands, one for the father and one for the daughter, smiled graciously his welcome. Every one looked that way; and, as Lady Elizabeth passed the line of persons seated and standing in thick array, there was heard an involuntary murmur of 'How gloriously handsome she is!' Who that understands woman's beauty does not know that even a handsome woman is at times twice as handsome as she is at others? Who that is herself endowed with the gift of beauty has not experienced this, and occasionally felt imbued with a more than usual power of captivation? That night Lady Elizabeth Delamere looked especially beautiful; and as she walked proudly—too proudly, perhaps,—leaning on Lord Altamont's arm, past the commonplace-looking rows of individuals who composed the mass of the assemblage, she left an impression of sublime beauty on the minds of those who had seen her, such as she herself would have deemed it fit that she should make. Her hair was plaited in many luxuriant plaits, forming coronals around her head; and she wore no ornament to mar the statue-like effect, save one precious gemmed pin that held her hair together. It had often been said Lady Elizabeth Delamere's tresses were false, for few believed their luxuriance could be natural; and many who did would not, from envy, allow the fact. Lady Elizabeth waltzed with Lord —; and the perfect finish of her steps, together with the erectness and volent motion of her figure, was the movement of an *Atalante* rather than the taught step of a dancer: there was no

leaning heavily on the shoulder of the unfortunate partner, no dragging his body out of the circle intended for dancing, but a perfect equipoise of the whole frame made her seem to be flying through the air. In truth, she had not many competitors, for few women dance well, and still fewer men. Lady Elizabeth was pleased as she wheeled in mazy circles before the assembled groups of gentlemen, who wearied not of admiring her. Once she stopped to breathe for a moment: a word from Lord —, a proud smile from her, and again away they flew. Amongst those who had watched Lady Elizabeth's dancing, none did so with more interest than Lord Deloraine; for he had made up his mind to seek her hand in marriage, and could not brook the idea of any one being a hindrance in his path. 'If Lord — is in love with her,' he said, 'and she inclined to listen to him (and all women have been inclined to do so), I have no chance of securing either the lady herself or her fortune.' Lord Deloraine's interest as well as admiration was blended in the scrutinising gaze with which he followed Lady Elizabeth's movements during that memorable waltz;—for memorable it was, since its remembrance has outlived so many gay London seasons, and people still say with a sigh, 'Poor Lady Elizabeth! do you remember her waltzing at — House?'"

"Her sleep that night was restless and uneasy: she dreamed she saw her son in a cradle—the silver cradle in which he had been laid at his birth: but it was no longer silver, it was lead. She rose, and, putting her wrapping-gown quickly around her, went to her child's chamber; it was sleeping the quiet, rosy sleep of innocence and health. 'Oh! my lady, there is nothing to fear now, the first tooth is out,' said the nurse; 'I am afraid your ladyship will catch cold;' and she allowed the nurse to persuade her to go to bed again. From that time the child appeared to strengthen daily, and to grow in health and beauty; while she herself, once more the beautiful, rich, and adulated Lady Fitzarlington, plunged, as she said she would, into the full whirl of dissipation—not one hour of the twenty-four, except those few given to sleep, were ever passed alone. Troops of friends—or friends so called, millions of adorers, idle parasites, interested retainers, swelled the pomp of her triumph; she had not a moment left for reflection.

The second: "In the midst of this intoxicating atmosphere, Lady Fitzarlington's steps were suddenly arrested. One night she was full-dressed for a royal ball; her brow glittered with gems, and roses fell in branches from her waist to her feet—she might be said to tread on flowers, and they were thornless: her doting parent bade her turn round before him that he might admire the airy grace, mingled with the commanding grandeur of her step. 'Oh, my lady, my lady!—the child, the child!' cried the nurse, running in. 'Gracious Heaven! what is the matter?' The matter was too soon known: the infant had fallen into fits. Dr. Philimore and others of the faculty stood round its cradle—every thing was attempted to save its life, but in vain: it died in its mother's arms. Oh, the pang of that moment! The thoughtless may laugh, and the hardened not feel for such a sorrow; but every mother who has a mother's heart will know what that rending agony is which shews the infant hope crushed in the bud. At the moment of delirium, of grief, the mother cries out, 'Why should my innocent child be destined to suffer so? What has it done to deserve such heavy wrath? Oh, if I could take its place!' But



the decree had gone forth : the little spirit sought its native sky. ' Mr. St. Aubyn then becomes Marquess of Fitzarlington : he must be duly apprised of this melancholy event,' said Lord Altamont. But, though he spoke thus, his whole frame trembled at this unexpected blow ; and he experienced that the glory of his house was taken away ; neither was he devoid of a feeling of bitter regret as he turned to Ethel, and said, tremulously, ' I have no grand-child now.' "

A cousin, as generous and as unselfish as it is possible for even woman's nature to be, is the contrast to Lady Elizabeth. Still we confess that we feel rather discontented at her affectionate and beautiful nature being only rewarded with the ashes of a heart.

### The Tin Trumpet, or Heads and Tales.

[Second notice : conclusion.]

THOUGH it is but a tiny thing, a tin trumpet, we must take another blow at it. It is lively, and reminds us (in more ways than one, as we shall shew at the close of this notice) of bygone days, when fairs were suffered, and children were permitted to be merry ; i. e. before the Schoolmaster strode abroad to make Utilitarians of four years old, and philosophers of five. In the chubby times of hoops and hop-scotch, when " Tom Thumb " and " Goody Two-Shoes " were unproscribed nursery books, and the infant-ry of Britain were not trained with the gravity of Spaniards, a tin trumpet was equally noisy and agreeable to urchin ears and lips. But, blessed be the march of intellect and the spread of knowledge ! we have lived to see a " talented " and practical epoch. A kite, now, is made to teach aërostation and electricity ; a peg-top serves to illustrate mechanics ; a foot-ball, projectiles and, perhaps, geography ; a skipping rope, geometry and the laws of motion ; marbles, the fine arts ; and cards and counters, astronomy and ethics. Moral philosophy may, for aught we know, be inculcated with a rattle, and physics with a drum ; and as we assert we are daily improving, wait but another lustre, and,

Good heavens, how wise we shall be !

As yet we are not wise enough to keep out of law, where the professors get the oyster and the disputants the shells : —

" Law (says Dr. Chatfield) — English — see Hoccus Focus, and Chicanery. The following character, or rather sentence of condemnation, was pronounced upon it, by one well acquainted with his subject — the lecturer over the remains of the late Jeremy Bentham. In answer to the question, what is this boasted English law, which, as we have been told for ages, renders us the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, he replies, " The substantive part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges, a chaos, fathomless and boundless ; the huge and monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuitry, irregularity, and inconsistency ; the administrative part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery ; a system made up of abuses ; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty ; so places his interest in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends, it defeats the ends of justice. " "

" Lawyers — generally know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion. Losing the abstract in the concrete, the comprehensive in the tech-

nical, the principal in its accessories, both are in the predicament of the rustic who could not see London for the houses. It has been indignantly said, that lawyers pass their time in taking advantage of their contemporaries ; but, if we may credit the authority of Foote, they sometimes outwit the undertaker even after their death. That facetious person being once summoned into the country, by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, was asked what directions should be given respecting the funeral. ' What may be your practice in the country,' said the wag, ' I do not exactly know ; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple manner. We lock it up in a room over night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whether it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty ; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber, that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyancer.' "

*Liars* is a term almost similar in sound. They are, says our author, " Verbal forgers — stiflers of truth, and murderers of fact. They will sometimes attempt to conceal their failing by affecting a scrupulous adherence to veracity. B., who rarely shamed the devil, once said of his friend, ' Jack is a good fellow, but it must be confessed he has his failings. I am sorry to say so, but I will not tell a lie for any man. Amicus Jack — sed magis amica veritas — I love my friend, but I love truth still more.' — ' My dear B.,' said a bystander, laying his hand upon his shoulder, ' I never expected that you would have preferred a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance.' "

Another learned profession is thus pithily described : —

" *Medical-Practice.* — Guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavouring to substitute man's." (1).

The third of the great pursuits of men, which adds divinity to law and physic, offers us an extract or two : —

" *Missions* — Religious. — An attempt to produce in distant and unenlightened nations, an uniformity of opinion on subjects upon which the missionaries themselves are at fierce and utter variance ; thus submitting an European controversy of 1800 years to the decision of a synod of savages. Where the missionary begins with civilising and reclaiming the people among whom he is cast, he cannot fail to improve their temporal condition, and he is likely to contribute to their spiritual welfare ; neither of which objects can be attained by the hasty zealot, who commences by attempting to teach the five points of Calvinism to barbarians unable to count their five fingers. There is no reason to suppose that the rapid conversion of the whole world to Christianity forms any part of the scheme of Providence, since, in eighteen centuries, so little comparative progress has been made towards its accomplishment. \* "

" *Moderation* — Religious. — An unattainable medium, since the world seems to be divided between the enthusiastic and the indifferent, or those who have too much and those who have too little devotion. One party make religion their business ; the other make business their religion. Two commercial travellers meeting at an inn near Bristol, and conversing upon spiritual subjects, one asked the other if he belonged to the Wesleyan Methodists. ' No,' replied the man of business — ' What little I do in the religious way is in the Unitarian line.' "

We are not aware whether the following

curious story be actual, or coloured, or invented ; but, at any rate, *si non vero e ben trovato* : —

" Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigour, and put forth their virtues. Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconist's shop at Limerick. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burnt to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbours, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found it so grateful to their noses, that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with the spoil. Lundy Foot, roused from his stupor, at length imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was instantly struck by the superior pungency and flavour it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up this valuable hint, he took another house in a place called Black Yard, and, preparing a large oven for the purpose, set diligently about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity which soon became widely known as Black Yard snuff ; a term subsequently corrupted into the more familiar word — Blackguard. Lundy Foot, making his customers pay literally through the nose, raised the price of his production, took a larger house in Dublin, and ultimately made a handsome fortune by having been ruined." "

Another anecdote is not new, but will bear telling again : —

" It is not generally known that names may be affected, and even completely changed, by the state of the weather. Such, however, is unquestionably the case. The late Mr. Suet, the actor, going once to dine about twenty miles from London, and being only able to get an outside place on the coach, arrived in such a bedraggled state from an incessant rain, and so muffled up in great coats and pocket-handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired, doubtfully, ' Are you Suet ? ' ' No ! ' replied the wag, ' I'm dripping ! ' "

The following is new to us : —

" *P's and Q's.* — The origin of the phrase " Mind your P's and Q's," is not generally known. In ale-houses, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account to shew the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears ; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbour on the shoulder when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to the score, " Giles ! Giles ! mind your P's and Q's." When Toby, the learned pig, was in the zenith of his popularity, a theatrical wag, who attended the performance, maliciously set before him some peas ; a temptation which the animal could not resist, and which immediately occasioned him to lose his cue. The pig exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief on the unfairness of what he had done, when he replied that his only wish was to see whether Toby knew his P's from his Q's." "

*Puns, &c.* — " Absurd as it was to expect a rational answer from T. H., I ventured to ask how it came that all our best poets were obliged to write prose ? ' Because poet.y is prose-cried,' was his reply.

" *Quibble* — *Quirk* — *Quiddet*. — See Law

Proceedings. (2). 'True!' cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistent marriage she had made; 'I have often said I never would marry a parson, or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian; but I never said I would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson.'

"A Coxcomb, not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feelings or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had lately garnished his mouth with a complete set of false teeth, flippantly inquired, 'Well, my good sir! I have often heard you complain of your masticators—pray, when do you expect to be again troubled with the tooth-ach?' 'When you have an affection of the heart, or a brain fever,' was the reply. Not less ready and biting was the retort of the long-eared Irishman, who, being banteringly asked,—'Paddy, my jewel! why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!' replied, 'And yours are too small for an ass.'"

"H. C—, a keen sportsman, provoked by a cockney horseman who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness. 'Sir!' said the offender, drawing up both himself and his horse, and assuming a very consequential look, 'I beg to inform you, that I did not come out here to be damned.' 'Why, then, sir, you may go home, and be damned.'"

"An empty-headed youth once boasted that he had been to two of the most celebrated schools in England. 'Sir,' said a bystander, 'you remind me of the calf that sucked two cows.' 'And what was the consequence?' 'Why, sir, he was a very great calf.'"

"Shooting the Long-Bow.—Stretching a fact till you have made it as long as you want it. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's tastes have descended to some of our modern nobility, for he tells us, in his autobiography, 'The exercises I chiefly used, and most recommended to my posterity, were, riding the great horse and fencing. I do much approve likewise of shooting in the long-bow.' So does our ingenious contemporary, Lord G—, who never suffers himself to be outstripped in the marvellous. The Marquess of H— had engaged the attention of a dinner-party, by stating that he had caught a pike, the day before, which weighed nineteen pounds. 'Pooh!' cried Lord G—, 'that is nothing to the salmon I hooked last week, which weighed fifty-six pounds.' 'Hang it,' whispered the marquess to his neighbour, 'I wish I could catch my pike again; I would add ten pounds to him directly.'"

Our next are rather more serious specimens: "Posthumous Glory.—A revenue payable to our ghosts; an *ignis fatuus*; an exhalation arising from the ashes and corruption of the body; the glow-worm of the grave; a Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack, and the lantern a dark one; protracted oblivion; the short twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun, and is presently quenched in the darkness of night. 'Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,' may be said of our fame, as well as of our frame: one is buried very soon after the other. When the rattling earth is cast upon our coffin, it sends up a hollow sound, which, after a few faint echoes, dies, and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to those whom you don't know; posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum, that a living dog is better than a dead

lion, or by quoting from Shakespeare—'I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath!'

"Scandal.—What one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

"Snuff.—Dirt thrust up the nostrils with a pig-like snort, as a sternutatory, which is not to be sneezed at. The moment he has thus defeated his own object, the snuffing snuff-taker becomes the slave of a habit, which literally brings his nose to the grindstone."

"Tomb.—A house built for a skeleton; a dwelling of sculptured marble, provided for dust and corruption; a monument set up to perpetuate the memory of—the forgotten. (3)."

"Tongue.—The mysterious membrane that turns thought into sound. (4). Drink is its oil—eating its drag-chain."

"World—the.—A great inn, kept in a perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures: by the going away of those who have just paid their bills (the debt of nature), and the coming of those who will soon have a similar account to settle:—*Decessio pereuntium, et successio periturorum*."

And the last, which is a playful though somewhat touching and exceedingly appropriate termination to this pleasing miscellany:—

"Youth—a magic lantern, that surrounds us with illusions which excite pleasure, surprise, and admiration, whatever be their nature. The old age of the sensual and the vicious is the same lantern without its magic—the glasses broken, and the illusions gone, while the exhausted lamp, threatening every moment to expire, sheds a ghastly glare, not upon a fair tablecloth, full of jocund associations, but upon what appears to be a dismal shroud, prepared to receive our remains. And now, gentle reader, or rather may I call you simple, if you have waded through this strange farrago, here will I bring it to a close, hoping by its example the better to impress upon you the pithy precept, that all our follies and frivolities, all our crude and undigested notions, all our "bald and disjointed talk," should, like this little volume, terminate with—Youth."

A selection of poems conclude the volume, one of which we will also add as an example of the writer's talent in that way. He shall not have to say that he was prose-scribed by the *Literary Gazette*:—

"Musings in the Temple of Nature.

Man can build nothing worthy of his Maker:  
From royal Solomon's stupendous fane,  
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,  
All, all are vain!

The wondrous world which He himself created,  
Is the fit temple of creation's Lord;  
There may his worship best be celebrated,  
And praises pour'd.

Its altar—earth; its roof, the sky untainted;  
Sun, moon, and stars, the lamps that give it light,  
And clouds, by the celestial artist painted,  
Its pictures bright.

Its choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion,  
In one united hymn is heavenward sped,  
The thunder-peat, the winds, the deep-mouth'd ocean,  
Its organ dread.

The face of nature, its God-written bible,  
Which all mankind may study and explore,  
While none can wrest, interpolate, or liber  
Its loving love.

Hence learn we that our Maker, whose affection  
Knows no distinction—suffers no recall,  
Sheds his impartial favour and protection  
Alike on all.

Thus by divine example do we gather,  
That every race should love alike all others,  
Christian—Jew—Pagan, children of one Father,  
All, all are brothers.

Conscience, heaven's silent oracle, th' assessor  
Of right and wrong in every human breast,  
Sternly condemns th' impetuous transgressor  
To live unblessed.

The pious and the virtuous, tho' assaulted  
By fortune's frown, or man's unjust decess,  
Still in their bosoms find a pure, exalted,  
Unfailing peace.

Hence do we learn that harden'd vice is hateful,  
Since heaven pursues it with avenging rod,  
While goodness, self-rewarded, must be grateful  
To man and God.

O thou most visible but unseen teacher,  
Whose finger writes its lessons on our sphere!  
O thou most audible, but unheard preacher!  
Whose sermons clear

Are seen and read in all that thou performest,  
Wilt thou look down and bless, if, when I kneel,  
Apart from man-built fane, I feel the warmest  
And purest zeal?

If in the temple thine own hand hath fashion'd,  
'Neath the bright sky, by lonely stream or wood,  
I pour to thee, with thrilling heart emotion'd,  
My gratitude:—

If in thy present miracles terrestrial,  
Mine eyes behold, wherever I have kneeled,  
New proofs of the futurity celestial  
To man revealed:—

If, fearing Thee, I love thy whole creation,  
Keeping my bosom undefiled by guilt,  
Wilt thou receive and bless mine adoration?  
Thou wilt! Thou wilt!

In our opening paragraph we have referred to a matter which it is now our duty to explain. The author of the *Tin Trumpet* comes before us *incognito* as a Dr. Chatfield, attended by a sort of Merry Andrew, Timothy Harrison. Who the Doctor is we cannot tell; but if he is not Mr. James Smith, he is a most impudent plunderer of that gentleman; and if he is identical, we think he has acted rather disingenuously with the public in these volumes. For it so happens, that, ten years ago, Mr. Colburn published a work by "One of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses," entitled, "Gaieties and Gravities," and which ran through several editions, wherein is to be read, *verbatim et literatim*, many of the best things which adorn the *Tin Trumpet*!! In other cases the ideas are taken and enlarged upon; but, for instance, in the foregoing quotations we have marked 1, 2, 3, 4, and in the words "dram," "real friend," "jealousy," &c. &c. which were extracted in our last *Gazette*, the writer has presumed entirely on the forgetfulness of readers. These pithy and piquant brevities, and above a hundred more of the same kind, are pirated literally from "Specimens of a Patent Pocket Dictionary," (from p. 339 to 363, vol. i. of *Gaieties and Gravities*.) published in 1826. Surely such things ought, in all fair performances, to be acknowledged: it is disreputable, if not dishonest, to foist them upon the world again as novelties.

#### Power's Impressions of America, &c.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

As by this time Mr. Power's work is in general circulation, we do not think it expedient to allot much more of our always too limited space for its "diffusion." Our readers must, indeed, be pretty well able to appreciate the merits of the production; and what we shall add will be rather in the excess of our kindness than from the necessity for further illustration. We think the subjoined account of a rencontre when riding near Pittsburgh, is so peculiarly *Power-ish*, that we copy it with pleasure:—

"I pushed (says our author) for a near wood, from which I perceived smoke stealthily curling over the tree-tops; and, after a long threading of the thicket, stumbled upon a little colony of charcoal-burners, the blackest and the merriest devils I ever met: they might have been Iroquois, or negroes, from their colour; but the first reply I got to my hail rendered any inquiry as to country unnecessary. 'Holla! my friend,' shouted I at the top of my voice, as a tall, half-naked being

stalked out of one of the huts, from which I was separated by a deep ravine; 'pray step this way for one moment.' The man did as I desired, without a word; a couple of attendant imps hanging on to the strings of his knees. 'I'm sorry to trouble you,' I added, as he drew within easy speaking-distance; 'but the fact is, I have lost my road, and fear to lose my dinner.' 'I' faith, thin, sir, if you'll tell me whereabouts you lost the road I'll find you the dinner, and go and look for the road while you're atin' it: with the blessing o' God, it will be the first road I see since I've bin this side o' Pittsburg, to say the laste.' 'Maybe you've seen a fine aisy-goin' road betune Cork and Cove?' I replied, in the same accent. 'Maybe I hav'nt,' grinned the pleased charcoal-burner, laughing from ear to ear. 'Och murder! you're the devil, sure! wasn't it the last ten miles I ever toed of Irish ground? Long life to you, sir! wait till I call the wife. Molly ashore, come out av id, for here's a witch of a gingleman here. Jem, you robber, go and bid your mammy stir herself and come here.' Away ran Jem and his brother, or rather flew, for their feathers were fluttering in the air. I laughed immoderately, whilst my countryman, with the most puzzled air, exclaimed, 'Och murder, but it's the quarest thing alive. Sure you must have know'd us?' He was now joined by his wife and two or three others of the little family, who all appeared nearly of an age. Poor Molly, the mistress, looked weak and haggard, and told me she 'had the shakes on her for the last six months.' She was affected to tears when her husband told her of my witchcraft, in knowing where they were from, and joined in begging that 'I'd come round and take a bit o' cake and a sup o' spirits and water, to keep me from feelin' faint till I got to my dinner.' I requested, however, as my time was short, that one of the little ones might at once put me on the nearest track by which I would reach the bridge; and finding I would not accept their hospitality, the father of the family, attended by Jem, walked along with me to where a bridle-path led on to a waggon-track, which he desired me to pursue. Here I left my friendly countryman, and with a 'God send you safe home, sir!' he turned to his own humble dwelling, to think with a full heart of that distant home my chance visit had recalled in all its freshness, and which, although he may never look to revisit, no son of poor Ireland ever forgets."

The Hudson scenery is described with great fervour and feeling; a visit to Cooper's Town Lake, and another to Trenton Falls, are also interesting; and especially the latter, with a mournful story attached to it. Albany is distinguished by a theatrical row; Buffalo, by the sight of Seneca and Tuscavara Indians and the famed Niagara. Thence to Utica, on the Erie Canal, the striking details of which voyage we are sorry not to quote.

At Nahant we have a good anecdote, and infer from it that something like Lynch's law may sometimes be perfectly just.

"The population is famous for industry, and for the summary mode with which they dispense justice amongst themselves on points of local polity affecting the general weal. One instance was fresh enough in memory to be talked of still. A townsman, returning from the banks with a cargo, passed a vessel in a sinking state, turning a blind eye to their repeated anxious signals. Contrary to all expectation, the crippled bark, after being given up as lost, reached the harbour, and the conduct of the hard-hearted skipper was made

public. He was seized *instantly*, triced up, served out with a dozen or two well told, covered with tar, clothed in feathers, and in this plight was carted about the boundaries of the township, having a label hung about his neck that described his crime and sentence in good set rhymes, which ran as follows:—

'This here's old John Hort,  
That for his hard heart  
Is tar-ed and feather-ed,  
And carry-ed in this cart.'

This occurs to me (observes our author) as being the best practical illustration of 'poetical justice' I ever heard of, and an example not likely to be lost upon a maritime people."

In the South Country, Mr. Power saw more of the Indians, Choctaws, Creeks, &c.; but we pass to New Orleans, where the French Theatre seems to be the *model* on which some of our London houses are now managed.

"The building (Mr. Power tells us) whereof this theatre forms a part only, is a very extensive one, having as a part of its establishment a large ball-room, with supper-rooms attached; and, in addition to this, a variety of hells, where gambling flourishes in full practice, from the *salon* where the wealthy creole plays his five-hundred-dollar *coup*, to the obscure den where *roulette* does its work, with a pace slower but as sure, at the rate of half-dollar stakes. I have looked in on these places during the performances, and never without finding them full. Such establishments, ruinous and detestable under whatever guise or in whatsoever place they are permitted, become doubly dangerous when placed under the same roof and carried on in obvious connexion with what should be at all times an innocent recreation, and which ought and might be one of a refined and moral tendency. The scenes of desperation and distress which gambling yearly gave rise to in this place amongst a people whose temperament is peculiarly excitable, coupled with a recent and terrible *exposé*, have at length roused the legislature of Louisiana to release themselves from the stigma of owing any portion of their revenue to a tax which legalised this worst species of robbery and assassination. This very session I had the gratification of seeing a bill brought into the house, and promptly carried through it, making gambling felony, and subjecting its followers to corresponding punishment. The French Theatre will henceforward, I hope for ever, be freed from the disgrace which such an association necessarily reflected upon the drama and all concerned with it."

Mr. Power, who ought to know what a king of diamonds can do, may hope so; but we can tell him that haunts of this infamous sort, and the habits to which they furnish the means of gratification, when once established, are not so easily counteracted or removed. Once put your theatres under the dominion of cheats, ruffians, and blackguards, and you may bid farewell to the drama as well as to morals and the decencies of society. The following extract is worth adding as a sequel:—

"The impunity with which professed gamblers carry on their trade, and the course of crime consequent upon it, throughout these southern countries, is one of the most crying evils existing in this society. The legs are organised in gangs, have a system perfectly organised, and possess a large capital invested in this pursuit; they are seldom alone, always armed to the teeth, bound to sustain each other, and hold life at a pin's fee. Upon the banks of these great waters they most commonly rendezvous; and not a steam-boat stirs

from any quarter, but one or more of the gang proceed on board, in some guise or other, according to the capability or appearance of the agent; thus every passenger's business and means become known—no difficult matter amongst men whose nature is singularly simple and frank, and who are as prompt to detail their own affairs as they are curious to know those of their fellows—a little play carried on during the passage opens to the observant gambler the habits of his prey, chiefly the planters of the up-country. These planters arrive in New Orleans or some other entrepôt, settle with their agent or broker, and often receive very large sums in balance of the crop of the past season, or in advance upon the next, intended for the purchase of slaves, &c. Meantime the sharper is on the pigeon's track; the toils are spread abroad by the gang, some of whom inhabit the same hotel probably, drink at the same bar, or, it may be, occupy the same chamber; thus, with nothing to do, and his naturally excitable mind fired by an addition of stimulant, if the victim escapes, it is by miracle. Hundreds are plundered yearly in this systematic way; nor, if at all troublesome, does the affair end here; for these gamblers are no half-measure men; they have a ready specific to silence noisy pigeons, and are right prompt in applying it. No persons are better aware of the existence of this fraternity, and of its great influence all over these countries, than the people themselves; but partly from custom, and more through fear, it is permitted to exist: a false feeling of honour also prevails, which interferes to prevent the plundered taking active measures lest their informing might be attributed to the circumstance of their having lost alone. The limitless extent of thinly populated border facilitates escapes, even when the laws are awakened; whilst the funds of the community are always lavishly used to screen a comrade, and at the same time conceal the working of the system."

There is so much to be admired and remembered in Mr. Power's remarks on the actor's life and his farewell to the American stage, that we shall quote it, and bid him in turn farewell.

"On Friday (he says), May 28th, I acted for the last time in the States, and so ended at the Park, where I began, and as I began, to a crowded audience. But the merry faces assembled here were no longer unknown to me; I was on my *début*, a stranger amongst strangers; I now felt myself surrounded by personal friends, and by an audience which had frankly welcomed me; which had continued to cherish my efforts by increasing kindness and consideration, and which had now thronged here less perhaps to witness a performance so often repeated, than to take leave of an individual with whom the persons composing it had cultivated a close acquaintanceship, and for whose talent they had encouraged a preference. I am not of those who look upon the bond linking audience and actor as a mercenary contract, for the hours during which the latter yields his quantum of strength and spirit to the former for so much coin, and there is an end. Were I, unhappily, possessed by such a morbid feeling, I could no longer act, the spell would be broken. It is true, I might constrain bone and sinew to administer to my necessities, and continue to barter these with the public for bread; but the inspiring spirit would be away, sunk past recall. Severed from the sympathies of those it wrought for, it would cease to lighten upon the scene, which the power of enlisting those



sympathies alone redeems from contempt. But it is not so, as every well-constituted mind will avouch. Preference, and a constant expression of favour from his auditory, necessarily beget a kind feeling in return: the actor is aware also that he is not always in a condition to fulfil his part of the bond; illness, low spirits, crosses, losses, or any of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, rob the mind of its elasticity, and the body of its power; yet rarely does the disappointed auditor turn on the favourite and act the clamorous creditor. Even in very extreme cases, what a spirit of forbearance have we seen exhibited, what positive sympathy have we felt extended in our own time to cherished players! It is at such moments that, more exposed as he is to immediate censure, and more helpless than any other of the servants of the public, he also feels himself more especially, more kindly considered, and, if possessed of a kindly heart, cannot fail to be touched by the feeling. After illness or prolonged absence, too, it is in the electric burst of welcome, the enthusiastically prolonged cheer of gratulation, and in the genuine pleasure sparkling from hundreds of uplifting ardent eyes, that the man who devotes himself to win the player's meed receives his brief, his shadowy it may be, but his inspiring triumph, accompanied by the assurance that he is closely linked with the kindest feelings of those who for the scene are subject to his thrall. And when at length the hour of farewell comes, it is in the anxious pause, the breathless attention, yet more impressive than all other species of homage, that 'the poor player,' about to be 'heard no more,' reads the assurance that on the many young fresh hearts now subject to his art he has indelibly engraven his name, often to be pleasantly recalled in after hours, perhaps of pain and worldly care. It is in the hope of gaining this living record he seeks consolation for the absence of all other less perishable fame: expecting, hoping nothing from posterity, he has a stronger claim upon the kindness of his contemporaries, for whom alone he lives, and the feeling is reciprocal: hence it is that these repay him with a superabundance of present regard, to soften to him the consciousness of the oblivion to which his memory is inevitably consigned, however great his genius, and however ardent his longings 'after immortality.'

These reflections do much credit to the head and heart of the pleasant friend and companion with whom we have travelled through three *Gazettes*, that we shall not injure their "Impression" by any comment, nor even by going to Canada with the writer.

In conclusion we shall only say, that, having seen much of the world and of life, Mr. Power possessed the capacity requisite for making a fair estimate of America and the Americans; that he has displayed a lively and observant talent in gathering information; and that he has given the results to both countries in a tone and spirit which cannot be too highly appreciated nor too sedulously cultivated by the natives of both.

*Wanderings in South America, &c.* By Charles Waterton, Esq. Third Edition. London, 1836. B. Fellowses.

A THIRD and a cheap edition of this work affords us an opportunity of saying a few words respecting its author, and our opinions expressed on his first appearance before the public. We confess that our credulity was greatly startled by the "nondescript" portrait of a wild man, or monkey, prefixed to it, by the story of using a cayman by way of steam-

boat, and by other anecdotes and incidents which seemed to us not only to beat Bruce, but to out-munchausen Munchausen. Since then, however, we have had occasion to modify our scepticism, and, from the information of parties acquainted with the regions visited by Mr. Waterton, to give our belief to many facts stated by that gentleman which we formerly more than doubted. Being so convinced, it is but candour and justice to make the admission; at the same time that we still abjure the head of the nondescript, as a skin tampered with and misrepresented.

Having said so much, we shall merely add, that the kindly and benevolent feelings which pervade the work, as well as its very curious and amusing details, render it worthy of general acceptance; and the lover of natural history in particular will find in it much of valuable information, with the best practical instructions for the preservation of specimens for the cabinet and museum.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Tales of the Glen; with Ballads and Songs,* by the late Joseph Grant. 12mo. pp. 238. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; London, Washbourne).—A biography of the author is prefixed to this volume by a brother bard and friend, Mr. Robert Nicoll, which, we regret to observe, is rather in the "Eccles' vein": see *eclogue*.

"When a poor man attempts to rise—attempts to show that there is no monopoly of genius, and that God hath given as free and noble a soul to the lowly as to the great—he is not only opposed by the keep-him-down-lam of the class above him, but envy and scorn are but too often his portion among his fellows. They do not like to see themselves outstripped by one whom they have reckoned no better than themselves, and instead of encouraging, they damp his ardour, and grieve his heart with sneers, and cold, because envious, counsel. The next class above him love not to see a man who has naught to boast of but a noble soul, no treasures save those of mind, presuming to take his place among them, and there is one universal shout of keep him down. \* This upward struggle which poverty-struck genius has to endure—this struggle against prejudice, and envy, and misrepresentation, and want, has daunted many a mind, and discouraged many a heart, and has kept many a man formed to be a light to the world in poverty and darkness to the end of his days. Because of this, many a noble spirit hath concealed its own flame of brightness; many noble and free men, of whom the world was not worthy, have gone down into the grave with all the wisdom of their souls untold—have died, and made no sign."

The world is bad enough, but not quite so bad as this exaggerated view represents it. The following we take to be the same mistaken character.—"The real knowledge which is attained, at even the best conducted educational institutions, is of very small amount; it relates to words, not things." The premature death of poor Grant is an affecting picture:—

"After his return to his father's house, he gradually grew weaker and weaker, until death became certain. He met it as a man and a Christian—as one who had used his talent of gold, as not abusing it. Even when delirium came over his weakened spirit—when the soul spread its hidden mysteries before men's eyes, its imageries were of love, and light, and happiness, and joy. On the 14th of April, 1833, his mother, whom he loved tenderly, and who had never left the sick bed of her noble son, told him he was dying. He desired her to come near, and, referring her to the words of the Saviour (John xi. 26), said, 'I am going to leave this world and you, mother, but I shall never die—I am going home!' and, withdrawing his hands from her neck, he slept on earth, and his weary spirit was away to the better land it was worthy of, to sing its visions of purity and goodness before the throne of love-lighted Omnipotence. And 'let it be told,' adds the writer, in very bad taste, "to Joseph Grant's honour, in an age when those whom God hath blessed with the gift of song seem to think that it is given them to eulogize knaves, or make sport for fools for their own petty personal advantage, till poetry has become a bye-word and scoff, a name for all that is slavish and mean," that he, of course, was not one of these.

Grant was a true worshipper of better feelings, and had his sphere been enlarged, and his life prolonged, he would probably have reached a higher rank than circumstances allowed. As it is, the *Tales of the Glen* and other compositions, though amiable and pleasing, are only calculated to excite personal and local admiration.

*A Treatise on the Late of Adulterine Bastardy, with a Report of the Banbury Case, and of all other Cases bearing upon the Subject,* by Sir Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G., Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 388. (London, Pickering).—Like all the works of this author, the fruit of careful research and indefatigable zeal, and, though one of the first legal importance, has never been distinctly investigated, nor the state of the law upon it laid. Sir Harris Nicolas has accomplished both objects, and produced a systematic treatise which must ever be considered as of the

highest authority. The cases cited contain a great deal of very curious matter.

*A Comparative View of the Form and Character of the English Race and Saddle Horse during the last and present centuries,* illustrated by Eighteen Plates of Horses. 4to. pp. 135. (London, Hoekham).—This is an interesting inquiry into the change which has been produced in our race and saddle horses, which by increasing structure has diminished certain powers of endurance. The portraits of celebrated animals during the last 120 years illustrate the subject; and the whole seems to be well entitled to the attention of breeders of almost every description of horse. *The Guide to Knowledge*, edited by W. Pincock. Vol. III. 4to. (London, Edwards).—This third volume for 1833 reflects great credit on the industry, judgment, and talent of its editor. Almost every article of its contents is amusing or instructive, and as a whole it may be advantageously put into the hands of the young, and circulated with advantage among the less informed classes; for to both it will convey the knowledge of many things worthy of attention and remembrance. The maps are particularly well done by a clever process in printing.

*Daniel's Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks interpreted by a Layman.* Pp. 240. (London, Rivingtons).—The author's historical views and calculations on this *quæstio æternæ* may be referred to by those who think that any new light can be thrown upon it, of which we confess we are very sceptical. Some of his arguments relative to the Jews are rather new and original.

*The State and Position of Western Australia, commonly called the Swan River Settlement,* by Capt. F. C. Irwin. 8vo. pp. 143. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—This is a favourable view of the settlement, the author being of opinion that its early difficulties have been happily surmounted, and that, by means which he points out, it must become a prosperous and flourishing colony.

*Peter Parley's Tales of the Sea.* (London, Tegg).—A nice little book for little folks.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary of this society was held on the 19th instant. The chair was taken by Mr. Lyell, the president, at one o'clock, and the usual forms having been gone through, the secretaries read the reports of the council on the general state of the society, and of the auditors on the accounts for the past year. The president then announced that the Wollaston medal had been awarded to M. Agassiz, of Neuchâtel, for his work on Fossil Ichthyology, and the sum of 25*l.*, also from the Wollaston Donation Fund, to M. Deshayes, to promote his labours in fossil conchology.

On presenting the medal to Mr. Broderip to transmit to his friend M. Agassiz, the president said, "On a former occasion the proceeds of the Donation Fund for one year were presented to the same distinguished naturalist to assist him in the publication of the early part of his great work, the importance of which was then only beginning to be known. It will ever be a subject of congratulation to us to have learned that this small pecuniary aid was not without its influence in accelerating the publication of his researches on fossil fishes, arriving, as it did, at a moment when the funds which could be appropriated for the undertaking were nearly exhausted. M. Agassiz acknowledged at the time his obligation for a mark of sympathy and regard, received so unexpectedly from a foreign country, and which cheered and animated him to fresh exertions. You will have the kindness to acquaint him that the council, in now awarding the medal, are desirous that he should possess a lasting testimony of their esteem, and of the high sense which they entertain of the merit of his scientific labours."

The president then delivered the donation awarded to M. Deshayes to Mr. De la Beche, the foreign secretary, and in doing so, said, "I beg you will express to M. Deshayes how highly we appreciate the services which he has already rendered to geology by his descriptions of the fossil shells of the strata above the chalk, to which he has chiefly, though not exclusively, devoted his attention; and we rejoice to hear that he is now engaged in the investigation of the fossil shells of the older formations. We

are not ignorant that he has prosecuted his scientific studies with zeal and enthusiasm under circumstances of considerable difficulty; and we trust that the notice now taken of his labours may encourage him to persevere in devoting the powers of his mind, and his great acquirements, to a department of science so eminently subservient to the advancement of geology."

Thanks were then voted to the retiring vice-presidents and members of the council, and on the balloting glasses having been duly closed, the scrutineers announced that the following gentlemen had been elected the officers of council for the ensuing year:—President, C. Lyell, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, Rev. William Buckland, D.D., Sir Philip Grey Egerton, Bart., M.P., George Bellas Greenough, Esq., and Edward Turner, M.D. Secretaries, W. J. Hamilton, Esq., Woodbine Parish, Esq. Foreign Secretary, H. T. De la Beche, Esq. Treasurer, John Taylor, Esq. Council, F. Baily, Esq., W. J. Broderip, Esq., W. Clift, Esq., Sir A. Crichton, M.D., W. H. Fitton, M.D., H. Hallam, Esq., Robert Hutton, Esq., R. J. Marchison, Esq., Viscount Oxmantown, J. F. Royle, Esq., Rev. Professor Sedgwick, Lieut. Col. Sykes, Henry Warburton, Esq., M.P., and Rev. W. Whewell.

During the morning meeting and the adjourned meeting in the evening, Mr. Lyell delivered his annual address, containing an obituary of those fellows, distinguished in geological researches, who had died during the year; and a review of the memoirs read before the society since the last anniversary.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY on Magnetism as a general property of metals. Mr. Faraday introduced the subject by a few remarks on the process of generalisation and its importance to the natural philosopher. He then reviewed a few of the acknowledged general properties of the metals for the purpose of pointing out their limitation in some cases, their apparent disappearance and their inversion, as it were, in others, referring, at the same time, to the principles by which, when properly considered, these apparent anomalies became proofs of the general property. Finally, he stated his opinion that the metals generally possessed the property of becoming magnetic in the manner of iron: not in that very feeble and uncertain degree which many persons admit with respect to them in common with most other matter; on the contrary, he concludes that at common temperatures *none* are magnetic but iron and nickel. In short, Mr. Faraday's view is, that a certain temperature different for each metal is essential to its magnetic condition: that beneath these respective points of temperature each retains its magnetic capability; but that above it they lose this power, just as in the case of liquefaction, each body has a particular temperature beneath which it is solid, and above which it loses that form. With the view of testing this opinion, Mr. Faraday, during the cold weather of last December, by the aid of liquid sulphurous acid, reduced many metals to the temperature of 60° or 70° Fahr. below zero, in hopes of finding that some one or other of them would assume the magnetic condition, but could not succeed. He was therefore limited to experiments on the only two known magnetic metals, namely, iron and nickel, and found that the results were such as not to oppose, but rather to support his view. It is well known that iron at a certain high temperature (a white or bright orange

heat) is not affected by the magnet. At this heat Mr. Faraday found and shewed, that the iron had lost also its power of interfering between one magnet and another; and that when interposed, the magnetic influence passed as undisturbedly through it as through copper, tin, air, water, or other non-magnetic bodies. Hence hot iron is exactly like other metals in this respect, provided its temperature be retained above a bright orange heat; if lowered beneath that point, it resumes all its former magnetic power and relations. On proceeding to examine nickel, the same change was found to occur, but at a temperature very far below that necessary for iron. The temperature of boiling oil is quite sufficient to render nickel un-magnetic; if cooled a little below that point it becomes magnetic; if raised above it, it loses the power, and so is exactly like iron in the general property, though requiring a particular and much lower temperature for the change. Mr. Faraday concludes that it is much more philosophic to consider the metals as generally magnetic, but requiring a certain temperature for the development of that state, which in the greater number of cases is so low, that iron and nickel have some peculiar relations in their particles to that common and universal agent, electricity, which are denied altogether to the other metals.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW in the chair.—A communication from Lieut. Willstedt, On the coast of Arabia, was first read. We postpone abstract till the reading of the whole shall have been concluded. Capt. Maconochie informed the meeting, that communications on the subject respecting a new expedition to explore the north-west passage had been referred to the committee; but no decision on the subject had yet been given. Letters warmly approving of the expedition were also read; they were from the chairman, Sir John Franklin, and Capt. Beaufort. Members were proposed.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, February 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Honorary Masters of Arts*.—Lord C. A. Hervey, Trinity College, fifth son of the Marquess of Bristol; the Hon. T. R. Keppel, Downing College, fifth son of the Earl of Albemarle; the Hon. P. Y. Saville, Trinity College, third son of the Earl of Mexborough.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—W. H. Herring, R. L. Surtees, Trinity College; E. J. Walmesley, P. E. Tison, St. John's College; T. Chapman, F. Halhed, St. Peter's College; J. W. Chaloner, W. L. A. Parker, W. F. Smithe, Magdalen College; M. Hutton, Catharine Hall; J. Bluet, T. Sedger, Queen's College; E. W. Footitt, A. Fullerton, Emmanuel College.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 18th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—R. Williams, Oriel College, Grand Compounder; Rev. J. Hodgson, Queen's College; Rev. R. Wood, Fellow, St. John's College; Rev. M. W. Mayow, Student, Christ Church College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Fitz Roy Blachford, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; W. N. B. Colborne, Christ Church College; J. Swaine, Wadham College; H. de Saumarez, Fellow, Pembroke College, incorporated from Caius College, Cambridge.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

LORD ABERDEEN in the chair.—Mr. Leathis exhibited casts of an ancient seal and an Abraxas from Syria. Mr. Fisher communicated a fac-simile copy of a charitable endowment in the time of Henry VIII. for distributing coals to the poor of Stratford. Mr. T. Lister Parker in a letter, after quoting the report of the proceedings of the Society in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, so far as related to Mr. Dean's description of the gold

ornaments found at Quintin, in Brittany, mentioned two which exactly answered that description, found near Malpas, in Cheshire, and now in the possession of Sir P. Grey Egerton, who promised shortly to exhibit them to the Society. Mr. Kempe exhibited a bronze medal, and an ancient brooch, found in the new street forming from Lothbury to London Wall; both these relics he considered to be of the fourteenth century. The medal bore on one side a female head, crowned and royally robed; on the other, the arms of Castile and Leon, quarterly, with the date 1398. The diameter of the piece is 2½ inches. Mr. Kempe considers it to be a medal of Catherine de Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, and grand-daughter of Pedro the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He observed, that it was a very early specimen of the revival in Europe of the medallion science, as the works of Vittore Pisano, who is considered by numismatists to be the restorer of the art, were not produced till the middle of the fifteenth century. He remarked on the internal evidence which attested the authenticity of the piece, which is hitherto unnoticed by writers on medals, and probably unique.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

##### Monday.

Marylebone, 8½ P.M.  
Mr. B. H. Smart on Public Oratory.  
British Architects, 8 P.M.

##### Tuesday.

Linnean, 8 P.M.—Horticultural, 1 P.M.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

##### Wednesday.

Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.

##### Thursday.

Royal Society, 8½ P.M.—Antiquaries, 8 P.M.—Zoological, 3 P.M.—Islington, 8 P.M.  
Al. Bell, Esq. on Elocution, and three succeeding Thursdays.  
Western Literary, 8½ P.M.  
Dr. Schmidt on Mineral Magnetism, and Thursday after.

##### Friday.

Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.—Islington, Monthly Meeting.

##### Saturday.

Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH GALLERY, PAUL MALL.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 224. *Scene from Tom Jones*. J. M. Wright.—There is not a picture in the gallery, of the class to which it belongs, that displays more talent, and more knowledge of all the essential qualities of art, particularly that of expression. The artist has chosen the point of time when Jenny Jones is undergoing the examination of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins and the gossips of the village. She has borne the taunts, gibes, and jeers, poured in on every side with the unflinching resolution of a stoic, until the homeliness of her features is touched upon: it is then, and only then, that she betrays the bitterness of her feelings. It is impossible to have told the story better, or to have given to the several characters more appropriately the emotions and passions of the occasion. The colouring is of a chaste and silvery tone, and reminds us much of that of David Teniers.

No. 312. *Nobil Donna*. R. Rothwell, R.H.A.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet."

The quotation will serve for this, as well as for many other portrait-like works in the gallery. Beautiful as Mr. Rothwell's subject is in feature, and pure and clear in its colouring, the

picture certainly violates the rule prescribed by the Institution.

No. 225. *The Prodigal Son*. W. Etty, R.A.—There is no age or clime in which this touching Scripture parable has not been found applicable. It has been treated by artists of every school, and, in some instances, ill treated; especially when the costume of the painter's own dress has been substituted for the more simple habiliments of the period to which the subject belongs. We have seen a series of prints by a French artist, in which the story has been illustrated by figures in the court-dresses of the time of Louis XIV. Mr. Etty has, of course, avoided any such error. His work possesses great pathos; and is coloured with his accustomed depth and solidity.

No. 189. "*I have got a heart*." W. Kidd.—Illustrated by a young negro gambler, displaying in triumph the ace of hearts; and one of the many productions that may be applied to "teaching the young idea how to shoot." In this view of it, it may serve as a card of introduction to all the dens and hells in the metropolis. As a work of art, it is brilliant in colour, effect, and contrast.

No. 236. *Summer; an Inn Door, with Travellers*. As well as No. 240. *Figures Skating*, "a deed without a name." No one, however, need be ashamed of either of them.

No. 275. *The Petitioner*. H. Pidding.—Whimsically represented by a rough dog, looking very solicitously over the low hatch of a cottage-door at a boy who is eating his breakfast. As the commonest incident, well related, becomes interesting, so, in painting, good art, as in the present instance, gives character to an ordinary occurrence.

No. 311. *Porch of St. Paul's*. S. T. Bendixon.—Symbolical of the purity which ought to accompany the entrance of every temple dedicated to the worship of the Deity.

No. 241. *The Travelling Jeweller*. T. Webster.—Like all this artist's works, carefully studied, and beautifully executed. The purchased ring is significant of what is to follow the Jew's visit; and the fright of the child at the old man's beard is well expressed.

No. 427. *The Fatal Meeting*. J. R. Herbert.—How is it that we are so seldom able to congratulate this very able artist on his choice of a subject? Here are love and murder enough to satisfy the most morbid love of horrors; but we should think that such a picture, skillfully composed and painted as it is, must stand little chance of finding a place in a parlour or drawing-room. In almost a similar manner are we constrained to speak of No. 408. *The Lady Jane Grey going to Execution*—A. Chisholm; in which we think the talent of the artist is shewn rather than his taste. The circumstances of that cold-blooded tragedy are too painful to be permanently presented to the mind.—No. 488. *The Invalid*. Miss Kearsley. Although it does not come exactly within the predicament of those which we have mentioned, is, nevertheless, a distressing subject; though beautifully painted.

No. 456. *Gulliver exhibited to the Brobdingnag Farmer*. R. Redgrave.—Upon a very moderate scale, Mr. Redgrave has successfully accomplished a difficult task, and that in a way as whimsical as just. The face of the astonished farmer, and still more the pen and ink, book, &c., serve as a scale by which to decrease the person of Gulliver, and give a clear and satisfactory idea of the subject; and the whole is thought and executed in a manner highly creditable to the artist.

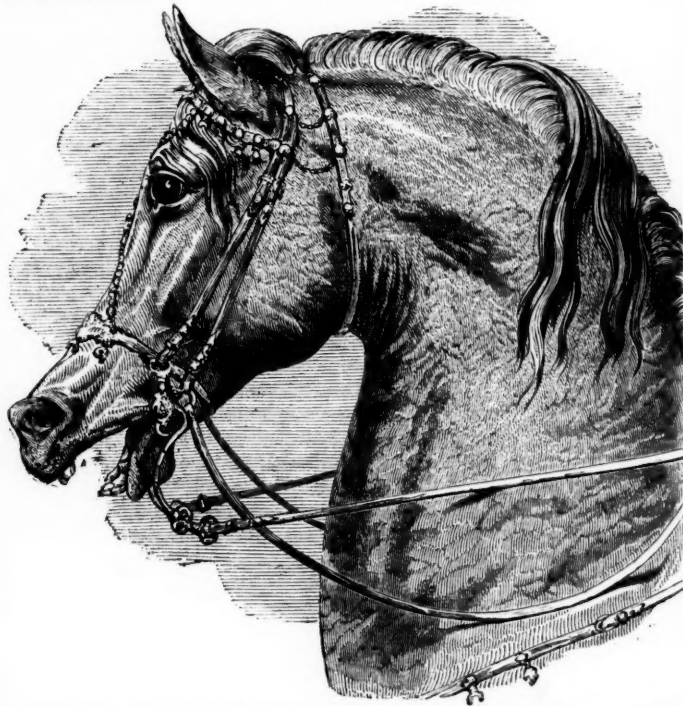
(To be continued.)

#### MONUMENT TO GEORGE III.

THE equestrian group by Mr. Wyatt, which is about to be erected to the memory of our late venerated sovereign, will, we trust, notwithstanding the mysterious act which impeded its completion\*, yet be erected at the appointed date, the 4th of next June, a day for more than half a century consecrated by the British people to the expression of the warmest feelings of devoted loyalty and affection. Having taken an earnest part in the promotion of this design since it was first proposed to the country, we felt sincere regret at the "untoward event" to which we have alluded, a regret much augmented by our admiration of the work, so far as the genius of the artist had conceived and executed it; and we join the more cordially in the hope that, by continued zeal and exertion, every remaining difficulty will be happily overcome. In order to stimulate that zeal and to encourage that exertion; and, also, to shew the public, however faintly and inadequately it can be done by a wood-engraving

\* See advertisement explanatory of these circumstances in this No. of our Journal.

on a sheet of printed paper, some ground for the enthusiastic admiration we entertain for this splendid production of art, we have caused a copy of the head of the horse, as finished, to be represented in the best manner we could, as an example of its extraordinary fire, and spirit, and beauty, and nature. To us it appears to be the perfection of animal life; and we declare that nothing of modern art nor of antiquity, though comprising the noblest and purest of Grecian sculpture, can, in our judgment, compare with this glorious performance. We speak not, now, of the statue of his majesty (as many of his loving subjects remember him, on his favourite charger at a review in Hyde Park), seated in his familiar costume and attitude; except, that it is truth itself, and worthy of the rest of the composition. Altogether, we hesitate not to pronounce the group to be an immortal honour to our national school of art, and, as such, even unblent with the strong emotions of gratitude and patriotism inspired by its subject, most worthy of the deepest interest in every English heart.



#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Journal of the Fine Arts, No. I.* Relfe and Fletcher.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many abortive attempts that have been made to establish a periodical publication exclusively devoted to the Fine Arts, another has just started under the above title. Besides an Introduction, it contains an extract "From the Journal of an Artist," describing some of the pictures in the Louvre; an essay "On Modes of Study;" another essay "On the Beauty of the Human Countenance, with reference to Expression;" and a notice of the works now exhibiting at the British Institution. We wish it success.

Alexander Chalmers. On Stone, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.

WE never saw a more perfect likeness than this. It is the good-humoured and gentle, at the same time the sagacious and intelligent individual, whose society we have so often enjoyed. It is the worthy man, and well-read scholar, whose pleasantries and fund of anecdote added new charms to his great information, and whose conversation was never otherwise than entertaining and instructive. We have a mournful satisfaction in looking upon the features so correctly preserved, and in having our recollection of so estimable a person so vividly recalled.



*The Royal Dresden Gallery.* Leipzig, Wunder: London, Schloss.

"AMONG the numerous treasures of art," says the publisher, "which dignify and adorn the capitals of Europe, the Royal Gallery of Paintings at Dresden has long and deservedly held the first rank. This extensive and classical collection, containing the choicest productions of the Italian and other schools, has attracted connoisseurs from all countries, and has given to Dresden a celebrity denied to cities of much higher pretensions; procuring for that city, solely from its patronage and love of the fine arts, the distinguishing appellation of the Second Florence."

From this collection a hundred pictures have been selected, and will be executed in lithography, and published in parts, of four plates each, at regular intervals. We have seen the first part of this publication, consisting of "The Madonna di S. Sisto," by Raffaele; a "Landscape," by Berghen; "The Temptation of Joseph," by Cignani; and "Ganymede," by Rembrandt. With the exception of the last, in which a piece of execrable taste occurs, they are fine subjects, especially the Raffaele; and they are executed with great skill.

*Mr. John Reeve, as Marmaduke Magog, in the Drama of "The Wreck Ashore."* Painted by R. W. Buss; engraved by C. E. Wagstaff. A. Graves.

It would have been difficult for Mr. Reeve to have selected an artist better qualified to depict the broad comicality of his theatrical countenance than Mr. Buss. The humorous artist has produced a highly humorous resemblance of the humorous actor, at the moment at which he is exclaiming, "The Parish expects that every man this day will do his duty."

*Perspective Rectified; or, the Principles and Application Demonstrated.* By Arthur Parsey. 4to, pp. 84. Longman and Co.

This treatise contains a new method for producing correct perspective drawings, without the use of vanishing points. As far as we are able to judge, Mr. Parsey has explained his theory very clearly; but we perfectly agree with him, that "the knowledge necessary to understand perspective thoroughly must result from practical exercise, and depends on the diligence and intelligence of the student."

*Scripture Meditation.* Painted by G. Lance; engraved by J. Scott. A. Graves.

APPROPRIATELY fine, simple, and unaffected.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

*Popular Traditions of the Riesengebirge,*

(Mount of the Giants, in Silesia.)

Rübezahl.—No. IV.

A TRAVELLER was laboriously crossing the mountain. At every step he was obliged to climb over a sharp ridge, or leap a ravine. He escaped from one danger only to fall into another. But, thanks to an old stick, which he held in his hand, he bravely triumphed over all obstacles. Arriving on the banks of a rapid torrent, "How happy am I," he exclaimed, placing his stick in the middle of the water, which flowed bubbling away,— "how happy am I to retain this faithful companion of my travels, which has already rendered me so much service." In saying these words, he endeavoured to stride over the torrent, with the assistance of his stick. But the stick broke, and our hero was plunged into the midst of the stream. He got out, wet to the skin,

and began to lament, not his mischance, but the loss of his valuable stick. "How shall I descend all these sharp ridges, abandoned by my faithful supporter, by my old protector?" "What are you complaining of?" suddenly exclaimed a hoarse voice. The traveller turned his head, and saw a large and dark figure wrapped in a cloak. At first he was frightened; but, recovering himself, he related the immense and irreparable loss which he had just experienced. "And are there not on the mountain," replied the giant, "trees enough to furnish you with a thousand sticks for the one you have lost? Here, take mine." At these words he went away, and began to walk with wide strides among the bushes. The further he went, the more his shape became gigantic. He suddenly seemed to change into a fog, allowed himself to be seen again at a great distance, and finally vanished. The traveller, consoled, renewed his journey. When he had advanced some steps, he found that his new stick was a little unwieldy to carry. Presently, he could not contrive to fix it on the stones; it continually slipped from his hands, and stuck in the bushes, and it cost him an infinity of trouble to recover it. Add to this, that it constantly became heavier. Our hero was not discouraged: forgetting that a stick is serviceable only as a support, he grasped his by the middle, and carried it in such a manner that it did not again touch the earth; first with the left hand, then with the right hand, and at last, as its weight incessantly increased, with both hands. Thus loaded, he leaped with difficulty from rock to rock, and slid down the precipices. He did not continue this mode of proceeding long; and having made his shoulders ache by turns under this inconvenient burden, he placed it crosswise on his neck, throwing back his arms under it. Panting, and covered with perspiration, he went, in this way, over the roughest and most barren ground. At last he was no longer able to carry this club. Summoning all his strength, he set to work to trail it behind him; but any one would have supposed that it was taking root in the earth. More easily to obtain his object, he took it into his head to cross it astride. Suddenly the stick rose with him, and, taking flight, made impetuous bounds in the air, above the rocks and abysses. A trembling seized the limbs of the unhappy traveller, and he clung convulsively to this new kind of steed. At length his speed slackened, the country became less desert, and the stick stopped in the midst of a forest of birch-trees. The poor devil threw it far from him, cursing it heartily, and asked himself if he had not been dreaming. At the same moment he saw at his feet another stick, in which he recognised his old and faithful companion, such as it was before his fatal adventure. He joyfully seized it, and continued his way. The forest gradually became more open, the country assumed a smiling aspect, and our traveller beheld his own village at a distance. He did not entirely recover his spirits until he reached it. It seemed to him very extraordinary that his stick should be restored to him whole, well recollecting that he had snapped it; and he remained convinced that the figure which had appeared to him was that of the lord of the mountain. Several similar stories recurred to his memory; and he entertained no doubt that the stick, which had caused him so much alarm, was changed into a huge ingot of gold or silver. After a few hours' rest, he returned to seek for the place where he had thrown it away. The place he found, but the wonderful stick he never saw again.

A coachman was, not without difficulty, rolling a wheel across the mountain. He had just passed a hazardous place, when, overcome with fatigue, he leaned against a tree, and fell asleep. Rübezahl assumed the shape of the wheel. The coachman, on awaking, wished to push it further; but it resisted all his efforts, and would not budge from the spot. He succeeded, however, in detaching it from the tree, with which it appeared to be incorporated, and began to assume an air of triumph; when all at once it fell heavily to the ground, and no force could raise it again. The impatient coachman cursed and swore, but all in vain. At length, summoning all his strength, he determined to make a last effort, when the wheel on being touched stood as upright as himself, and began to run rapidly through the bushes. The coachman set off also in pursuit; and observed with astonishment that the wheel rolled with equal facility in ascending and in descending. Was it far before him, it appeared to relax its speed; and he doubled his pace in the hope of overtaking it. But, after having run for a long time, when, out of breath, he extended his arm to seize it, it fled anew with the greatest swiftness. Thus travelled over hills and through vales the coachman and the wheel. At last the latter stood still; and when its pursuer caught and held it firmly, it suddenly elevated itself in the air, cleared an immense space at a single bound, and fell with the coachman, harrassed by his adventure, on a dunghill before the door of our hero's master.—*Revue des Etats du Nord.*

#### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

In the recently published life of Sir H. Davy (reviewed in our No. 995) the following note occurs:

"About this time (a short period before his death) he expressed," says his brother and biographer, "his views respecting the British Museum, pointing out some of its deficiencies, and suggesting a plan for its improvement. He had thought much on the subject, having been well acquainted with the establishment in his capacity of trustee, as President of the Royal Society; on which account I think it right to give his sentiments, as they were written down from his dictation, with the hope that some of his hints may be followed, to the benefit of the museum. The subject is introduced incidentally, in noticing the collections of the objects of natural history in America, in connexion with science in America and her men of science, in digression from the character of the late Dr. Woodhouse, who brought a letter of introduction to my brother, in 1804, from the venerable Priestley. 'I believe no country can be placed lower than our own in respect to collections in ancient art or modern science. A few liberal-minded patriotic men have done much by their private collections; and some particular institutions or colleges, by their private means, have afforded resources to scientific men; but our national establishment, the British Museum, is unworthy of a great people, and is even inferior to many of those belonging to second-rate states on the Continent: yet there have been considerable sums of money devoted to the objects of this collection, and it contains some choice marbles, and some interesting specimens in natural history; and far more might have been done with the sums voted for the purpose by parliament, had they been judiciously applied. When the British Museum was first established, in consequence of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, President of

the Royal Society, of his splendid collections to the country, the trustees were either great officers of state, owing their situation to their office, or some persons of science, art, and letters associated with them, elected by the principal trustees. At first, the leading trustees of the elected class were either distinguished members of the Royal Society, or highly accomplished noblemen and gentlemen, possessed of refined knowledge in art or profound knowledge in science. The last scientific trustee elected was Mr. Henry Cavendish. Lately the elections have been almost entirely made from branches of the aristocracy, or gentlemen of some parliamentary influence. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, are considered as the really active members of the trust; and overpowered, as those great officers must be, with the religious, legal, and legislative affairs of the country, it cannot be supposed that they can have much leisure or much opportunity to attend to the government or arrangement of the national collections. All the officers of the museum, who ought to be either efficient librarians or curators of the house, used to be elected in turn by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the House of Commons; for the late chancellor, Lord Eldon, always refused to act as trustee, considering, probably, with great propriety, that he had other duties more essential to his office to perform. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that amongst the curators, assistant-librarians, and sub-librarians, there should be found many persons taken from the inferior departments of the church and of the public offices; places abounding with respectable, well-educated men, but not the natural seminaries of either naturalists or of persons of profound and refined taste in antiquities, collections of the works of art, and monuments of the genius of the great people of antiquity. If men of the highest distinction as to scientific character had always occupied the most exalted offices in the museum, either as curators of the collections, or as zoologists, ornithologists, entomologists, mineralogists, botanists, and superintendents of the ancient collections of sculpture and painting; and if the salaries of such officers had been made respectable, and their rank a gratifying or enviable one, there would have been always a sufficient number of aspirants after such situations, and we should not have required the assistance of foreigners in that establishment which ought to be the natural school of our academies in science and art. But, unfortunately, in England science is not the taste either of the court or of the government; and what might be the most magnificent collection of the beauties and wonders of nature and art, formed from every quarter of the globe, and containing the most splendid monuments of the glory of the most powerful of the ancient nations of the earth, does, in fact, represent little more than a series of quaint collections in vertu, where illustrations of the history of medals and the most exquisite specimens of the bronzes of Magna Græcia are found in the same room with the sledges and dresses of the Esquimaux, the canoes, arms, and dresses of the people of Australasia, and the wildest ornaments invented either by the capricious or diseased fashions of folly in almost every climate and age. Even the first and most perfect part of the marbles brought from Athens to enrich the hotel of Montague-house, are out of place. There must be a general system of change in every thing belonging to this institution, before there can be any system of radical improvement. Each department must

be preserved separate and distinct from the other. The sculpture must be judged by men who have shewn their knowledge of taste with regard to this branch of the fine arts. The collection and arrangement of paintings must be trusted either to artists themselves, or to refined judges of the art. The geologist should have his department entirely to himself; and the mineralogist would not find even the present treasures of the British Museum too extensive for much active labour, philosophical research, and even useful discovery in the variety of their arrangements and bearings; and a good geologist, by connecting the history of the specimens of inorganic nature with those of living animals, might open to the world a number of curious and very extraordinary truths. Then the libraries should be kept perfectly distinct from the other parts of the museum; and there should be at least four enlightened and literary men of ability, to take charge of these treasures, now made so magnificent by the royal gift, and to lay them open to the public. It appears to me that the present is the best moment for attempting a radical and fundamental change in every thing belonging to this ancient, misapplied, and, I may almost say, useless institution. In every part of the metropolis people are crying out for knowledge; they are searching for her even in corners and bye-ways; and such is their desire for her, that they are disposed to seize her by illegitimate means, if they cannot obtain her by fair and just ones. This, then, is the moment to give energy to their efforts, and for the legislature to sanction what reason has so long required."

We have deemed it fitting to give general and popular diffusion to these observations, by adopting them into our pages, at a time when a committee has been appointed by the House of Commons to investigate and consider the subject of this national establishment, every improvement in which would be a public benefit. The committee consists of the following members: Mr. Estcourt, Mr. Ridley Colborne, Mr. John Parker, Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Thornely, Sir P. Egerton, Mr. E. Denison, Mr. Compton, Mr. Clay, Lord Stanley, Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. B. Baring, Mr. Pease, Mr. Hawse. Not having had as yet an opportunity of examining the Museum Evidence, we shall abstain from offering any opinion on this matter; but we shall not lose sight of it, and trust to be enabled very shortly to lay an impartial view of the whole case before our readers.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—The musical attempt on Saturday did not turn out well. There were a few excellent performances both vocal and instrumental, but the whole was a medley which rather confused than gratified the auditor, and many of the things were puerile and nonsensical. We will not refer to the antiquities whereof the memory of man hath no knowledge, and the imagination of Mr. Bochs no touch. Since it was announced that "all the eminent singers in the kingdom" were to do the choruses, they must have been very bad when the universal musical force of England could produce so little effect with them. But this is the bane of bill-made attractions: disappointment is sure to be the issue. We did not, however, think it a vast recommendation to the majority of the productions that they had never been performed before; if they had been worthy of the public they would have been offered to it, and their very novelty was a presumptive proof of their inferiority. The

announcements are, indeed, truly ludicrous specimens of ignorance and a firm faith in the easy gullibility of John Bull. *Ex. gr.*, we are learnedly assured,

"In the first ages, vocal music had the entire supremacy over instrumental, particularly from the introduction of Christianity to the end of the sixteenth century. Thus, many of the early compositions were deprived of those orchestral accompaniments with which the modern ear has been so long familiarised; but to give a perfect idea of primitive music, the instrumental performers will only appear in the order wherein their respective instruments were first introduced into an orchestra."

In spite of all this, other music has superseded the Ancient Records, and only a small portion of this much be-puffed and prodigiously triumphant, entirely original and never-to-be-equalled entertainment, is now retained to vary the Lent evenings of Wednesday and Friday.

*Covent Garden.*—On Thursday, Joanna Baillie's tragically, *The Separation*, was produced to a bumper house at this theatre. The whole plot turns on the discovery by Margaret (Miss H. Faucit), the wife of Garcio (C. Kemble), after she has borne him a son, that her apparently brave and gallant lord is the murderer of her brother, by which he paved the way to their fatal marriage. The first three acts develop her suspicion of this terrible secret, divulged by a retainer on his death-bed, till it is confirmed by the confession of Garcio himself, in the only great scene of the play, where, intruding upon her bed-room, he finds her addressing terms of warm affection to a miniature, which he fancies to be that of a lover, till a glance at it shews him the features of the murdered, and conscience-stricken, he owns his crime. Here, in truth, the interest of the tragedy ends: his separation, turning hermit, and returning in the end to save his lady's castle from a fierce wooer, whom he slays, and is himself mortally hurt, is, in acting, sheer and superfluous melo-drame, though adorned with high poetical beauties of language. On the whole, we are of opinion, that a single incident, and the evolution of one passion or emotion created by it, is insufficient for the structure of a five-act tragedy, where there are no interesting adjuncts, nor subordinate action, to engage the mind. Thus *The Separation* is meagre: a warm friend of Garcio (Bennett), a coxcombical lover of Margaret (Marquess of Tortona, Pritchard), and an attached attendant (Sophera, Miss Wyndham), affording all the little relief we have in these respects. On the acting we must bestow great praise. Miss Faucit portrayed the gradual working of doubt upon love in her bosom with much truth; and in the second and third acts, where the situations allowed scope for tragic power, she was eminently impressive. Her falling senseless from the couch of her dead husband, was also original and fine. The Garcio of Kemble, a very difficult part,—wrestling with guilt, love, and contrition,—was all that could be made of a character which could excite no sympathies, for there is nothing to redeem the murderer in his selfish affection for his wife and son. The appearance of the latter in his nurse's arms was rather ludicrous, and nearly finished the play; to which some other rather laughable effects, produced by the inferior actors, would, in better dramatic times, have effectually contributed. From this we should except Miss Wyndham, who acted with much *naïveté* and simplicity; Mr. Bennett, though he had always to be a bluff soldier; and Mr. Pritchard, in his Mercutio sort of part. The scenes between Garcio and his friend Rouani, we should notice, followed far too closely in imitation upon Othello

and Cassio. At the fall of the curtain the applause greatly predominated, and the dead hero and heroine were absurdly whistled and cat-called forward to receive the sweet voices of the foolish among the audience.

On Tuesday a *comedieta* called *Marie, a Tale of the Pont Neuf*, a good neighbour for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, was produced, and is to be repeated.

*Adelphi*.—A piece, called the *Balance of Comfort*, has been brought out with little of comfort to the audiences, and the balance entirely against the treasury.

*Victoria* shut suddenly on Monday, as a placard announced, in consequence of a decision in Chancery.

*The Italian Opera*, under all its difficulties and discouragements, is, we see, announced to open next Saturday with *La Straniera*, in which Signora Colleroni, Signor Winter, and Signor Cartagenova, make their first appearances. Some new dancers are also mentioned.

*Lenten Entertainments*.—Among the Lenten entertainments, by which the theatres endeavour to profit, while the poor players undergo their usual season of privation, we have to notice Mr. C. H. Adams' admirable course of lectures and illustrations of astronomy at the King's Theatre. The practice of five years has enabled the lecturer greatly to improve his mechanical apparatus, and impart additional beauty and distinctness to his whole plan; which is, indeed, pre-eminently impressive and worthy of the attendance of the young, and even the more mature lovers of this sublime science. The late comet forms a prominent feature in the present course.

At the Strand Theatre Mr. Lovell's introductory lecture was beautifully illustrated, and received with much applause.

Mr. Love's *Ignes Fatui*, at the London Tavern, was crowded, and, as usual, applauded to the echo. His transformations are wonderfully quick, and his imitations equally characteristic and humorous. He possesses great versatility and talent; so much so, that we are glad to see him announced for the west end (i.e. St. James's Theatre), on Fridays, where we are sure he will be very welcome.

#### VARIETIES.

*Mr. Clint*.—This admirable painter, especially of dramatic subjects, has, we are informed, returned his diploma of Associate Royal Academician to the Royal Academy, in disgust at having been passed over at the last, and several preceding, elections to the rank of R.A.—a distinction which a large portion of the public will think due to his high and justly popular talents.

*Covent Garden Fund*.—The anniversary of this excellent fund, on Friday, promises fair (especially in fair singers from the gallery, Miss Shireff and others) to prove a great attraction to those who love the drama and its artists, and not the less when twice-blessed charity is companion to their efforts. Mr. Meadows, the new secretary, has been indefatigable.

*Mr. Daniel Boileau*, well known as the author of numerous elementary works on the French and German languages, favourably noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, we lament to hear, cut his own throat, on Monday evening, at the Royal Institution, and is now lying in a very precarious state in St. George's Hospital. Poor Boileau! An ingenious, well-meaning, inoffensive man, has long been in a state of

destitution; and last week his manuscripts, and a few articles of clothing (all he possessed!), were taken in execution for rent. This circumstance afflicted him much; and, being bowed down with old age (between 70 and 80) and poverty, hurried on the catastrophe, so dreadfully indicative of extreme literary distress.

*Mr. Eliason's Concert* on Wednesday was very fully attended, and the performances were of an order, both from selection and execution, to give great delight to the auditory, whose applause was frequent and unanimous.

*Piece of Plate*.—We have been much gratified by the inspection, at Messrs. Harvey, Denton, and Co., of a beautiful piece of plate, intended to be presented to Lieut.-Colonel Cadogan of the Madras army, by the British Residents at Travancore, in testimony of their respect and esteem for his character as representative of the British government in that country. The design is a palm-tree issuing from the trunk of a decayed banyan, or *ficus religiosa*, round which are grouped the figures of a bishop of the Christians of St. Thomas; a sepoy, or soldier of the Madras army; and a nair, or native of the superior order in Travancore. The whole is executed with great taste and elegance.

*New South Wales*.—Recent accounts have been received of the exploratory expedition under Major Mitchell, with twenty-four men under his command, into the interior of this country. The party struck the Darling River about lat. 30° 40', and found its waters still salt. They traced it up about three hundred miles, to lat. 32° 40', and long. 142° 24', the stream becoming sweet and transparent as they ascended. An unfortunate rencontre with the natives, three of whom were killed, prevented their further progress; so that Captain Sturt's conjecture, that the Darling formed a junction with the Murray, is still unconfirmed, though rendered more probable by these investigations. Mr. Cunningham, the colonial botanist, was, we lament to say, slain by the blacks.

*Public Records*.—The Committee of the House of Commons on the condition of our public records, and the proceedings of the commissioners thereon, has commenced its sittings; Mr. C. Butler being appointed chairman.

*New York Statistics*.—By a late census it appears that the population of 1830, viz. 1,918,608, had increased to 2,174,517 (1,102,658 males and 1,071,859 females, 82,319 male aliens, 6821 paupers, and 42,836 persons of colour); or 255,909 souls in five years.

*Thunder Storm*.—A violent and widely extended thunder-storm traversed Westphalia on the morning of the 12th. The lightning struck several church-steeple at Groento, Greven, Wesel, Arnheim, and other places; and otherwise did much damage.

*Sir Walter Scott*.—The Glasgow monument to Sir Walter Scott is to be erected in St. George's Square, in that city.

*The King of Bavaria* has gone in the Medea steam-frigate to visit the Plains of Troy, and Delos.

A pearl is said to have been found in a periwinkle!—*Hampshire Paper*.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

✂ We have to repeat that we cannot insert, as notices under our head of literary intelligence, advertisements of new publications or reprints; such, for example, as "A Map of the Nerves of the Head," &c. or "Observations on the Early Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb."

Mr. Samouelle has announced a Second Edition of his *Entomologist's Useful Compendium*, with considerable Alterations and Additions, and to appear in Monthly parts.

A translation of M. Thiers' (the present Prime-minister of France) History of the French Revolution is announced by Mr. Bentley, with Anecdotes from authentic sources, and illustrated by Views and Portraits. Lord Wharnclyffe, the great-grandson of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, is the editor of the forthcoming edition of her Correspondence, with many additional Letters, and the insertion of a multitude of passages hitherto suppressed.

#### In the Press.

The Solar Eclipse, or, the Two Almanacks: containing more inquiries in Astronomy, by the Authors of "What is a Comet, papa?"—The Lady's and Gentleman's Oracle of Ton, by a Modern Exclusive, with Illustrations.—The Modern Brummell! interspersed with Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons, and illustrated by Seymour.—Pandora's Magic Box, or, Lady's Private Note-Book; intended for the use of the Ladies of the 19th century.—An Inquiry respecting the best manner of discharging the duty of Public Prayer, by W. Walford.—A new naval story, edited by Captain Murray, and entitled "Rattlin the Reefer."—History of Audley End, with Notices of the Town and Parish of Saffron Walden, by Lord Braybrooke.—A new and revised edition of James' Naval History, with additional Notes, and a Narrative of the Battle of Navarino; embellished by Portraits of Naval Officers.—The author of "A Year in Spain" (Lieut. Skidell) has a continuation of that work in the press, entitled "Spain Revisited."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 18	From 31 to 40	29.96 to 30.14
Friday.... 19	.... 26 .. 37	30.18 .. 30.24
Saturday.. 20	.... 16 .. 36	30.25 .. 30.34
Sunday.... 21	.... 13 .. 39	30.26 .. 30.11
Monday... 22	.... 29 .. 43	29.94 .. 29.69
Tuesday... 23	.... 28 .. 45	29.63 .. 29.56
Wednesday 24	.... 21 .. 44	29.40 .. 29.16

Prevailing winds, N. and S.W. Except the 18th, and two following days, generally cloudy, a little rain on the 22d, and evening of the 24th.

Rain fallen, .125 of an inch. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude.....51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude.... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "H. C." we are fully engaged. We are sorry we cannot insert "Lines on a Father's Grave"—good feelings do not always vent themselves in good poetry.

The Royal Society is intended for our next Number. If our Periodical correspondent, as we present from the letter, reads the *Literary Gazette* regularly, we beg to say that we have no access to any parties whom we could influence as desired.



## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION.**  
 Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily from ten in the morning till five in the evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogues, 1s.  
 WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

# EQUESTRIAN STATUE of His late MAJESTY GEORGE III.

The Committee appointed by the general body of Subscribers to carry the design for the tribute to the memory of our venerated Monarch into effect, have diligently proceeded to complete the work intrusted to them. On the eve of completing their task, a calamitous event has caused them extreme mortification, and the artist employed severe loss and distress. The nature of this will be best explained by the following resolution, unanimously agreed to:—

"The Committee having thoroughly investigated the circumstances of this distressing accident are entirely convinced, that nothing that skill and activity could have effected has been left undone by Mr. Wyatt; and that, judging from the exquisite manner in which those parts of the work have been completed which are already produced, there is every reason to believe the remaining part of the work would have been executed with equal talent and ability. We also feel it but just to Mr. Wyatt to say, that we are entirely satisfied that the calamity which has occurred has been produced either by some unaccountable accident, or by some malicious design, the motive for which we do not pretend to ascribe to any person in particular."

LORD KENYON in the Chair.

Feb. 13, 1836. Sir J. CAMPBELL, K.C.T.S., Hon. Sec.

The Committee had previously guaranteed to the artist a larger sum than was vested in their names, and pledged themselves to do all that lay in their power to increase the subscription to an amount more adequate to the class and extent of his labours; and his recent misfortune seems to them still further to entitle him to their best exertions and to public sympathy. The expediency of producing the single part, yet wanting, and completing the whole for erection, if possible, at the period originally appointed, viz. the 4th of June, 1836, the knowledge that the fund in hand, or even that guaranteed (as just stated), is not one-half of the sum usually paid for similar monuments, and other considerations connected with the progress made by the artist, under many difficulties, and the local, patriotic, and grateful national feelings, which have accompanied that progress, will, they trust, tend to give efficacy to the subjoined resolution:—

Resolved, 2. That an appeal be made to Subscribers in arrears, and to the Public, to enable the Committee to augment the Subscription and erect this Statue on the 4th of June next, under the auspices of the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, who have consented to assist in the ceremony.

His Grace the Archbishop of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Canterbury Melville  
 His Grace the Duke of Devonshire The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Ashurst Sidmouth  
 His Grace the Duke of Rutland, The Right Hon. Lord Southampton  
 His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, The Right Hon. Lord Montagu  
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\* The Committee appointed by the Subscribers to carry the Design into effect.

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 Messrs. DRUMMONDS, Treasurers.

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 The Bishop of Durham £100 0 0 The Rev. Dr. Richards 5 0 0  
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# NORTHERN SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of the FINE ARTS, LEEDS.

Exhibitors and the Public are informed, that the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts will open their Gallery on the 1st of May next, and that Works of Art will be received not later than the 15th of April.

F. T. BILLAM, Hon. Sec.

Gallery of the Northern Society, Leeds, Feb. 14, 1836.

All Letters to be addressed, "Directors of the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, Leeds."

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2902	30	3000	644 17 11	3644 17 11
3235	50	165	165 0 3	330 3
973	26	300	84 14 6	384 14 6
1637	23	3000	738 19 4	3738 19 4
3307	14	500	136 2 9	636 2 9
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